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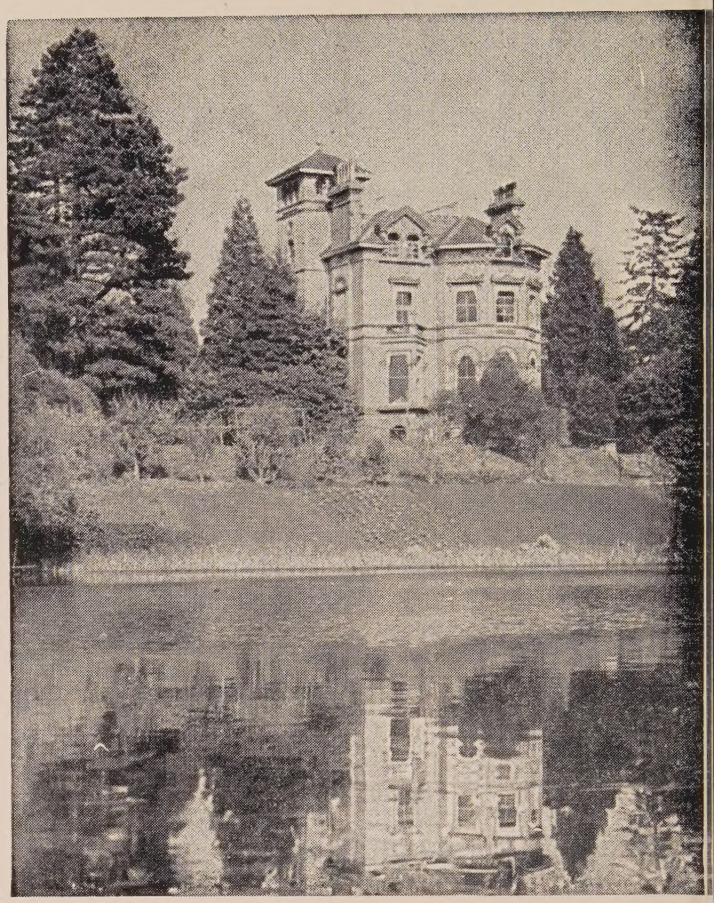

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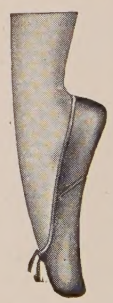

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December, 1951 Vol. 2. No. 12

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Foreign Editor:* DAVID RAHER
Assistant Editor: CLIVE BARNES
WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

The Editor, staff and contributors send Christmas greetings and wish happiness in the coming year to all readers and advertisers everywhere

HOW often, during the season upon which we are about to embark, are words and thoughts similar to the above bandied rather casually around? Frequently attached to pictures of robins, jolly wassailing in hostelries, and dainty crinolined ladies, they have now come to mean little more than something to enliven the chimney-piece and prove to our friends how many others we have. Do most people give the meaning of goodwill much thought?

Goodwill and brotherly feeling between peoples of one nation are sure and certain in times of adversity. Goodwill between nations is as fickle as the breeze. One moment it is there, firm and strong, the next it has gone bowling off to embrace some other country and you are left becalmed and desolate. This is where the art of ballet can help, even if only to a tiny degree.

There is no other art in the world to-day that has such power to create understanding between nations. No language barrier causes international incomprehension. A book has to be translated and frequently loses its meaning in the process. A play can only be understood by the few that have languages at their finger-tips. A film has to be dubbed, or its pictorial beauty destroyed by ugly sub-titles. A painting can certainly be understood by all nations but it is not alive. Ballet is alive and vital, it involves human beings with the same end in view; it involves an audience, amounting to millions, brought together by their love of the same art.

How much more we now know of the art of Spain owing to the visits of various Spanish companies. How much of the thought and feeling of the beautiful land of France owing to the frequent visits from Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées. American companies also have given us more insight into the national trends which that vast continent is starting to develop. How much the U.S.S.R. could contribute to this growing international understanding if only some of her fine companies could be allowed beyond the Iron Curtain. The visits of the two Sadler's Wells companies did so much to bridge the Atlantic.

These things may seem but a tiny and unimportant drop in the turbulent sea of fear-for-the-future, mass rearmament, economic chaos, and all the other troubles that threaten to submerge us. Tiny, yes! but the bond is growing stronger and may take on an increased importance in the future.

If you cannot see how all this applies to you, then I would suggest that if you hold a responsible position in ballet you should take a more lenient view towards artists of another race. Do not be so blindly nationalistic that you have eyes for only those of your own country. Look at foreign dancers and consider how your company would benefit by their presence. Do everything in your power to make their labour permit easy.

If you are a dancer do not look on foreign artists with distrust; try and learn from them for even their faults are an object lesson. When you are in a foreign country, remember that you are a temporary ambassador and that you hold an important position whether you be a star or in the back row of the *corps de ballet*. Your performance and general behaviour will influence many in their opinion of your country.

If you belong to that vast army of watchers either as a critic or a member of the paying public do not dismiss the art of another country as something you just do not understand. It probably has its roots far deeper than anything you have in your own country, so try and learn something of its background and acquire all the knowledge you can to help you towards a deeper understanding. Do not, on the other hand, get so hysterical about it that your vision becomes blinded and your perception dulled.

It is in this way that goodwill, which is the very essence of Christmas, can be built up. The spirit of Christmas need not be confined to one season alone but continued throughout the year.

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Amala, the wife of Uday Shankar. She is dancing with her husband's company which opens at Prince's Theatre on December 3, for fifteen performances. Uday Shankar was one of the first Indian dancers to visit England when he appeared here in the mid 'thirties. In December, 1949, he was at the Piccadilly Theatre and since then has very successfully toured the United States. The company has always been noted for the taste of its presentations and the use of its orchestra ranged along the back of the stage.

Cover Stories

This month's front cover, by Maurice Seymour, is of Beryl Grey in *Lac des Cygnes*. One of the principal ballerinas of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, she returns after several months absence owing to illness.

BORN at Muswell Hill on July 11, 1927, she started to train at Madeline Sharp's Academy of Dancing at Bromley at the age of four. She learnt all kinds of dancing—Ballroom, Tap, Greek, Spanish, and character. Passing all R.A.D. examinations with honours, she later gained a scholarship at the age of nine for the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. In August, 1941, she joined the company which was then at Burnley. Danced her first solo role as Sabrina in Helpmann's *Comus* in 1942. In the same year she danced her first full-length role in *Lac des Cygnes* at the New Theatre, London. On her sixteenth birthday, in 1944, she danced her first *Giselle*. Since then has taken every principal role. As a lyrical ballerina she has no equal in the company ; the generous warmth of her personality projects to the farthest point in the theatre. In July, 1950, she married a Swedish osteopath, Sven Svenson.

Everyone will be pleased to welcome her back again this season when she will dance all the ballerina roles such as *Giselle*, and Aurora in the *Sleeping Beauty*. On December 12 she will be seen in the principal role in *Donald of the Burthens*, which Massine has created specially for her.

The back cover, by Studio Liseg, is of Oleg Briansky who has now joined Festival Ballet as one of its principal male dancers.

BORN in Brussels on November 9, 1929, his first teacher was Katchourowsky in Brussels. Other teachers included Victor Gzovsky, Madame Rausanne, and Boris Kniaseff. His first ballet company was Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées and here he danced his first principal role as The Devil in *La Fiancee du Diable*. Took over several other principal roles in that company. Later joined Roland Petit's Ballet de Paris. Has ambition of being a choreographer and dancing all great classical roles. Interests other than ballet include photography, canasta, skating, swimming, and horse-racing.

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Sadler's Wells Ballet Goes Abroad FRANKLIN WHITE

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Keepsake

A true Cinderella fantasy about how a shoe belonging to a great ballerina of one century found itself equally at home on the foot of a great ballerina over a century later.

Marie Taglioni in La Sylphide. *After the lithograph by Chalon.*

HOW did the shoe come into my possession? Oh yes, I'm so sorry, I forgot that you didn't know. You see it has been in our family for well over a century, for it was given as a keepsake to my great grandmama by Madame Taglioni during a visit she paid to Dublin prior to 1836.

Nowadays it would be called a "souvenir" I suppose; but I have always been told that Madame Taglioni called it a keepsake, a much more intimate and personal word don't you think? And you see it has been kept; and treasured. It has always lived on the middle shelf of the china cabinet surrounded by the lovely Spode cups and saucers which also belonged originally to my great grandmama. I don't ever remember having been told the story of the shoe. I seem always to have known it.

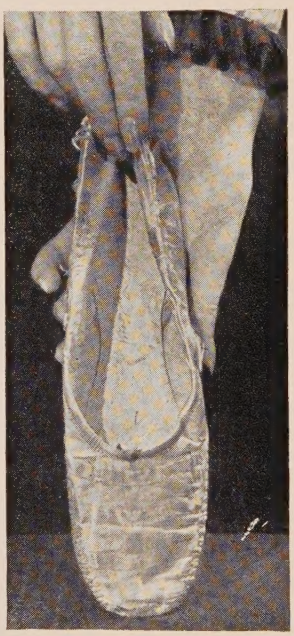
On the walls of our drawing room there were lithographs by Chalon, Zelensky and Blaw of Madame Taglioni in *La Sylphide*, *La Fille du Danube*, and *La Gitana;* but it was the shoe in the cabinet which fascinated me. That incredibly small and delicate ivory satin shoe, was so elegant, so weightless, so very unlike the flat-heeled, rather heavy, "sensible" shoes which I—in common with all other children—wore, that I came to think of it as a thing of enchantment and magic.

With the passage of time I converted it—in my own child mind I mean—into a living entity. I think I really believed that it has a separate existence of its own; that it knew what went on around it and was living in a state of arrested animation longing for the day when it could escape and dance again.

Judged by the modern hardboiled, brassy standards I must have been a stickily mawkishly sentimental child, and it would probably have been better for me, had I been smacked and made to play hockey; instead of being allowed to moon endlessly over the scrap of mouldering satin you have in your hand. I made up numberless stories about the keepsake; and the fact that today's tale completely contradicted the one that I had told myself yesterday never even occurred to me.

The little shoe was forlorn; it did not know what had happened to its mistress nor why she had left it in the china cabinet; and it was always hoping that she would come back; and having claimed it, take it back to the theatre to which it really belonged. It was not an exhibit, not a museum piece; it had a job to do, it wished to be about its legitimate business.

I often thought that it did not think of itself as a shoe at all, but as one of the wings on the soaring feet of the Sylphide. It looked very like a wing as it lay there folded on the shelf; perhaps a dove's wing; a wing which could no longer fly. Then again it was Cinderella's slipper; but how would Prince Charming's herald ever find it in our house; he could not even know where we lived. Sometimes Keepsake was the Sleeping Beauty and could only awaken when a dancer's foot was found to fit. But how could that be? The shoe was so small, and feet, even the feet of dancers, seemed far far too large for it and anyway the hundred years sleep was over.



Alicia Markova holding the shoe of Taglioni. The photograph at the bottom of the opposite page shows the shoe perfectly fitting Markova's foot. (*Photos: Gordon Anthony*)

When as a very great treat I was allowed to hold the lonely sad little shoe for a while I used to ask it questions—and supply the answers—and try to cheer it up by recounting the past.

"Were you with her, Keepsake, when she made her debut in Vienna on June 10, 1822? and then there was her first triumphant appearance on July 23, 1827 at the Paris Opera and her first performance in London at The King's Theatre when she danced as Flore in Didelot's ballet *Flore et Zephire* on June 3, 1830. On the next day the critic of *The Times* wrote:—"Supreme elegance, grace, picturesque attitudes, and lightness of step, are the characteristics of her style of dancing. Her person is rather tall, slender, and well formed; but we find her other personal attractions have been exaggerated in some of the descriptions of them which we have seen in both French and English papers."

"That critic said she was rather tall; but you are so tiny, Keepsake, that it seems impossible you can ever have fitted a tall lady. You must have known her father, Filippo Taglioni, who on October 13, 1830 presented her at The Paris Opera as Zoloe in his new ballet, *Le Dieu et la Bayadere*. It was in 1832 on May 14, again at The Paris Opera, that ther father produced for her the most famous of all their ballets, *La Sylphide;* in Paris, Mazilier, as the Scotsman, James Reuben, was her partner; but for the first London performance at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on July 26, 1832, all the family were together, Filippo, Marie, and her brother Paul, who danced the part of James Reuben. It is Paul with her in the print I showed you of Lepaulle's painting of *La Sylphide;* I think he is very like his sister to look at.

"Papa Taglioni next presented his daughter Marie in a ballet called *Nathalie ou la Laitiere Suisse*, which he had originally arranged two years before in Vienna for Madame Taglioni's great rival, Fanny Elssler. It was presented at The Paris Opera on November 7, 1832, but it was not seen in London until the following Spring when it was given on May 9, 1833, at the King's Theatre.

"I wish you could tell me Keepsake, what Madame Elssler was really like. It seems so strange that Mr. Taglioni should have presented his daughter in a part which he had made up

Marie Taglioni in 1879. *This is probably one of the last photographs taken of the great ballerina who died five years later in* 1884 *at Marseilles.*

by

ANTON DOLIN

to suit Madame Elssler who was a dancer of such a very different style. I wonder why he did it; do you think he may have run out of ideas at that particular time?

Which partner preferred?

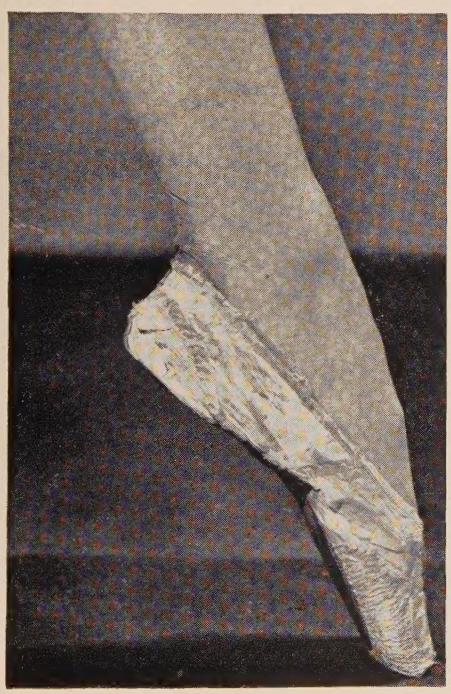
"And I wonder which of Madame Taglioni's partners you liked best; Mazilier or brother Paul? And you must remember that night in 1835 when she surprised and delighted her Paris audience by dancing a Menuet deCour, with Auguste Vestris. She in paniers and with powdered hair, gave her hand to a Vestris dressed all in gold embroidery; and although he was seventy-five years old, it was said of him that he still had a straight leg. Seventy-five is terribly old of course, but Oh! Keepsake, how I wish I had seen them.

"Then *Fille du Danube* was produced at The Paris Opera on September 21, 1836, and in it your mistress danced the part of Fleur-des-Champs. London did not see the ballet until over a year later, when on November 21, 1837, it was presented at The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. You did not see *La Fille du Danube*, Keepsake, because Madame Taglioni had given you to great-grandmama before then, which is why I am telling you what happened to your dancer when you no longer shared her life.

"In 1837, she and her father went to St. Petersburg where she appeared in all her old successes and where, on November 23, 1838 at the Bolshoi Theatre, Filippo Taglioni presented her in an entirely new ballet called *La Gitana*. Her success in Russia made theatrical history in that country, for never before had flowers been thrown onto the stage by the audience; and the morose Czar Nicholas was so captivated by the dancing of Madame Taglioni, that he attended every performance at which she appeared. The London presentation of *La Gitana* was given at Her Majesty's Theatre, on June 6, 1839.

"Madame Taglioni was now 35 years of age and the best loved dancer in Europe. But the peak of her fame had not yet been reached, for she had yet to make two sensational appearances in new works, both of them in London, at Her Majesty's Theatre, which was then directed by Mr. Benjamin Lumley.

"In 1845, the famous *Pas de Quatre* arranged by Jules Perrot, and danced by Marie Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Fanny Cerito and Lucille Grahn, was produced on July 12, and so great was its success that it was revived during the season of 1847. But in between the two seasons when *Pas de Quatre* was the great attraction, Jules Perrot arranged and presented on July 23, 1846, *Le Jugement de Paris*. It was the last new ballet in which your mistress ever appeared, Keepsake; her part was that of the goddess Juno, Lucille Grahn and Fanny Cerito were the other goddesses, Arthur St. Leon was Paris, and Jules Perrot danced as Mercury."



Happy ending

I must thank you for your courtesy and patience in having listened to the story of the child I once was. What possible interest it can have had for you I cannot imagine. The historical facts contained in my narrative, you doubtless know, far better than I; and for the rest, well, I have presumed unpardonably on the kindliness of a complete stranger, and I must ask you to forgive me. At this point Miss Markova you come into the story; for early last summer I saw in one of the papers, a little paragraph announcing that the famous *Pas de Quatre* of 1845 had been re-created, and would be presented with you as Taglioni, by the Festival Ballet Company at the Stoll Theatre. Naturally I was very interested and I came to see the re-creation of *Pas de Quatre*.

I don't know why, but before I left the house something prompted me to slip Keepsake into my pocket, and I brought the little shoe with me to the theatre. While you were dancing as Madame Taglioni, it suddenly occurred to me that the shoe would probably fit you, in fact I was almost certain that it would; and I decided that if it did fit, it was only right that Keepsake should remain in your safe keeping. Will you please try it on? There! you see; I was absolutely right; it could not fit more perfectly if it had been made for you. Look at it, it is rounded and whole again, ready to fly; it no longer looks like a broken wing.

It is back in a dressing room—back in a theatre; it is at home once more, after a century of exile, back on the foot of a dancer. And, if it will not embarrass you to hear me say so, Miss Markova, the fragile little shoe is encasing the foot of a great dancer as famous today for her imponderable lightness, as was Marie Taglioni in the Nineteenth century. I hope that you will have your foot photographed in the shoe. If you do, please may I ask you to give me a copy? I shall keep it on the middle shelf of the china cabinet.

Alicia Markova as Taglioni in Pas de Quatre. *The costume is copied from the Lami* La Sylphide *dress which first appeared in* 1832 *and became the standard romantic ballet dress.*

Readers consider the assessors

A selection from the letters received from readers in answer to Anton Dolin's article, *Consider our assessors*, in the October issue.

SIR.—Thank goodness someone in an authoritative position has echoed my sentiments in print. Thank goodness the offenders allowed Mr. Dolin to use their journal for this purpose!

As a student and lover of the arts I have attended as much ballet as I can manage during the past few years and have been particularly sensitive to the unknowledgeable criticism and unkindness. I hope to write several reviews in the future and try to damp down ill-conceived judgement. To form one's own logical and correct opinion with good taste, is almost as exhausting as dancing in a performance!

SUSAN LESTER, *Doughty Cottage, Haverfield Gardens, Kew, Surrey.*

SIR.—Anton Dolin in his article writes, understandably enough, as a dancer and not as a member of the audience. So the fallacies which he perpetuates are therefore perhaps forgivable.

First and foremost, any and every member of the audience is *ipso facto* a critic whether he choses to keep his opinions to himself, to pass them on verbally to friends, or to communicate them to a wider public as a writer in a magazine or newspaper.

Secondly, it is not necessary to be a practitioner of an art or technique in order to offer reasonable criticism of that art or technique. I personally would be quite unable to execute an *entrechat*, yet I do not think it should be unreasonable if I mentioned that such-and-such a dancer should remember to stretch his feet when doing so. The great Hazlitt never, as far as I know, wrote a play yet his criticism of drama is both valuable and constructive even today.

Thirdly, Mr. Dolin objects, in particular, to certain suggestions put forward by a well-known ballet critic with regard to the artistic direction of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, on the grounds that Mr. Dolin does not himself think the suggestions justified. Whatever our opinions of the style of writing of various critics and their personal foibles, we are not, I hope, so hopelessly biased that we cannot read their constructive suggestions with a degree of tolerance. It is surely the duty of the critic to point out deficiencies and suggest remedies, should such deficiencies appear to him to affect the quality and nature of a company's work.

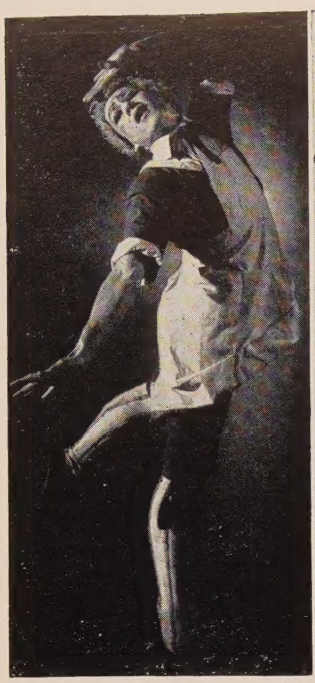
PAMELA PRICE, 32 *Primrose Gardens, London, N.W.3.*

SIR.—I must congratulate Mr. Dolin on his timely denunciation of the so-called critics who abuse their privileges as guides to performers and performances.

As a ballet enthusiast of only six years standing, I have to rely on the written word to gauge the development of many of our great dancers.

During the years I have been in London, I have collected all the newspaper clippings I can lay hands on. In browsing through them, especially where I have about six clippings for one performance, I have come to the conclusion that the only opinion I can trust is my own.

WINIFRED SELF, 47 *Kensington Park Gardens, London.*



Clowns and Comedy in Ballet

by CLIVE BARNES

Left. Alexander Grant as the Barber in Massine's Mam'zelle Angot. *A perfect example of comedy arising from the narrative.*

(Photo: Mandinian)

Right. Harold Lang in Balanchine's Bourrée Fantasque.

An example of comedy of movement.

(Photo: Walter Owen)

In a world that carries austerity round its neck like a mill-stone, any time is a good time for laughter. But even when all are good, surely no time is better than Christmas. So, merriment being—we hope—in season, we thought it might be appropriate to have a glance at comedy ballet.

WITHOUT seeking to emulate authorities like Bergson and Meredith by enquiring into the nature of comedy, and without being unseasonably profound concerning the psychological causes for laughter, it is perhaps possible to simplify and summarise the activities of the Comic Muse with the phrase "incongruous juxtaposition". The element of the unfamiliar surprisingly found in the ordinary. We expect a stock-broker to walk along the road in a dignified manner; we laugh when he slips on a banana skin. There is, or should be, nothing funny in the Rose Adagio from Act I of *The Sleeping Beauty;* put a top-hat on your Aurora, paint a comic moustache on her face, and a fair proportion of the audience would be rolling helpless in the aisles. Incongruity is the staple diet of laughter, and one way or another nearly every comedy ballet makes use of it.

Comedy ballets are most frequently narrative works; they tell a humorous story in choreography, which is itself funny. Of course there are exceptions to this. Massine, for example, one of the finest of all comedy choreographers, rarely creates dances that are intrinsically comic. His laughs largely come from the stories his dances relate. In *Mamzelle Angot*, *Good Humoured Ladies* and *Gaieté Parisienne*, apart from the roles of the Barber, the Waiter and the Peruvian, and a few comic incidents that are more mimed than danced, the choreography if performed in practice dress in front of black curtains, would not, I fancy, appear funny to someone ignorant of the story.

This method works splendidly for Massine. No choreographer is better at clarity in storytelling. Complicated scenarios, almost impossible to appreciate in the programme notes, can be followed as easily as tram-lines when he transfers them on to the stage. Moreover Massine's consummate skill at minute characterisation gives these stories lasting interest. Moments like that in *Le Beau Danube*, when the Dandies parody the strutting entrance of the Hussar, or that scene so brilliantly descriptive of the Barber's grief in *Mamzelle Angot*, are superb comic touches which bring the choreographer's scene vividly to life.

Comedy of movement

In Massine's ballets one can see the two stock methods of the comedy ballet, comic characterisation and comic incident. To achieve both of these Massine tends to use naturalistic gesture and mime in preference to dancing. Dancing there is in plenty, but with Massine this is more often the conventional matrix in which the comedy is set rather than the comedy itself.

Massine uses actual comic choreography, sometimes called "comedy of movement", sparingly, usually reserving it for one character (*Clock Symphony* is obviously an exception) who is thus highlighted; other choreographers make more lavish use of it. In a few ballets this comedy of movement becomes their sole justification. Discarding any literary theme these ballets amuse simply by their choreography. Good examples of this type of ballet are *Interplay*, *Fireflies* (*Kaleidoscope*) and the First Movement of *Bourrée Fantasque*.

Talking of *Bourrée Fantasque* brings one naturally to a consideration of burlesque and parody in ballet. Of all the arts ballet can probably claim to have the most artificial conventions or preposterous rules. These conventions lend themselves, as Balanchine has realised in *Bourrée Fantasque*, by a slight distortion or over-emphasis to burlesque.

Burlesque parodies

Balanchine is far from being the only choreographer to see the possibilities for humour in gentle parody, and English choreographers have shown themselves remarkably adept at this form of comedy ballet. Examples of this type range from Tudor's *Gala Performance*, to the burlesque parodies of Jack Carter, but the choreographer most strongly identified with this form is, of course, Ashton. *Facade* is probably his best-known parody, although it cannot compare in variety or vigour with that marvellously mad ballet, *A Wedding Bouquet*.

In this work, which is incidentally my favourite comedy ballet, there is to be found that gem of classical parody, the *pas de deux* for the Bride and Groom. This dance gently mocking the conventions of the Maryinsky *pas de deux* is gloriously funny, not only to those who know and love the form affectionately parodied, but also to those who regard it at its face value, as nothing more than a comedy adagio.

The years can play havoc with comedy ballets. Small details of gesture and choreography become coarsened or lost altogether with the passage of time, and a ballet that was once gloriously funny in all its elements becomes little more than a grinning caricature of itself. For this reason, if for no other, it

(continued on page seventeen)

One of the wittiest comedy ballets in any repertoire — Ashton's A Wedding Bouquet. *The photograph shows the Bridegroom, (Robert Helpmann) and his Bride (Margaret Dale) being congratulated by the guests. Michael Somes is seen on the left. Julia (Moira Shearer) is forlorn and forsaken at the Bridegroom's feet.*

(Photo: Felix Fonteyn)

Guest Writer — IGOR SCHWEZOFF

Apart from his fame as a dancer and teacher, Igor Schwezoff will always be remembered for his autobiography, *Borzoi*, which before the war won him a prize of £1,000. It gave a very interesting picture of ballet in Russia after the revolution.

He was trained at the Academic School of Ballet in Leningrad and grew up in an era of great ballet. His creative spirit rebelled against the limitations of the Soviet regime. He escaped from Russia by way of Manchuria eventually making his way to Europe where he won renown as a dancer and choreographer. During the past ten years he has been in the Americas where he choreographed the *Eternal Struggle* and *Red Poppy* for Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Recently he has settled in New York and opened a ballet studio.

He has just become the Hon. President of the Federation of Russian Classical Ballet and will return to England to attend the annual examinations in May. He will also be guest teacher at the School of Russian Ballet in Chelsea.

Quality and Quantity

How often does one hear these words used in referring to some dancer or other—" she is a dancer of Quality". And how much more often, alas, does one hear the contrary expression: "he, or she, is *not* a dancer of Quality!" So that it would seem that Quality, by possession of it or by lack of it, has a special significance for classical dancers.

WHAT is Quality, as dancers must understand it? An elusive something which, added to the mediocre makes it good, something which added to the already good can bring it within the bounds of greatness. The goal towards which dancers are continually striving is perfection of form; and Quality denotes the stage they have reached in that life-long journey towards an ultimate perfection.

The classical dance is a mould that shapes undisciplined bodies and their movements; Quality is the finishing and polishing process; but with this difference—that ordinarily, polishing is a final process, whereas the acquisition of Quality is, or should be, continuous and simultaneous with the shaping of the dancer.

Quality, this most elusive element of the dance, is composed of a number of small, almost imperceptible subsidiary movements, such as the turning of the head, hands, arms and body, that give significance and finish to the dance. These nuances form the liason between the principal movements of the dance; they are the passage from one pose or step to another, uniting the greater movements with each other so as to give an impression of fluid continuity, unifying and co-ordinating successive series of movements into one embracing form of completeness. To reduce it to its simplest term, Quality is *how* a dancer does what he is doing.

The elusiveness of Quality makes it difficult of recognition by the unschooled spectator—and even, sometimes, by those who would be expected to perceive it. Many are misled into confusing Quality with such manifestations of personality or temperament as showmanship, sensuous appeal, vivacity, intensity or the boisterous exuberance of natural high spirits let loose. But though the ordinary spectator cannot as a rule define or tangibly grasp Quality, he feels and senses its presence in performers who possess it.

In speaking of the ordinary spectator I am assuming him to be unschooled in technicalities but with normally sensitive reactions to art. This assumption demands a somewhat arbitrary division of an audience into three groups: the connoisseur; those naturally sensitive to impression of artistry;—and the indiscriminate. Excluding the minority of connoisseurs and giving the remainder the benefit of the doubt as to the preponderance of the indiscriminate over the sensitive, we reach our rough definition of the ordinary spectator, who may reasonably be expected to sense the presence of Quality.

For the accustomed eye Quality lends to a dancer a distinction that will make him, or her, outstanding in any kind of choreographic work, from the old *ballet d'action* to the abstract or symphonic ballet of today. His Quality will be apparent through the mask of any role—grotesque, character, comic or stylized. The possession of Quality will influence his conception of the role and permeate his whole interpretation of it.

Other dancers, perhaps, will have more technical ability, and execute difficult steps with virtuosity, gaining the applause of the public; but real artistic value will remain the possession of the dancer of Quality, whatever his success with the public. This does not mean that the dancer of Quality must neglect or despise technical virtuosity: on the contrary, the greater his technical skill the freer he is to devote himself to problems of pure artistry.

How much can a dancer do?

This consideration of technique in the classical dance brings us to the antithesis of Quality —Quantity. Here again we ask: what is Quantity? Its definition is less complex than that of Quality or *how* a dancer dances. Briefly, Quantity is *how much* he can do. It is the amount of technical skill and speed he can acquire in performing the simplest as well as the most complicated steps of the classical dance.

For the increasing number of dancers in whom the moderating influence of Quality has not fostered a sense of artistic proportion, Quantity which should be no more than a means to an end becomes an end in itself; becomes the sum total of all the *pirouettes*, quadruple *cabrioles*, *entrechats seize*, or whirlwind *manège*—in other words, all the *tours de force* and acrobatic tricks into which, by fair means or foul, they can flap, jerk or twist themselves. The quickness of the foot deceives the general eye! Only those spectators who can perceive and appreciate Quality and are quick to note its absence will remain unawed by mere sleight-of-foot: the nimblest *legerdepied* will not bamboozle them into believing that they are being given anything but Quantity.

Age of technical achievements

Ours is an age of technical achievement and we possess today extraordinary virtuosos of this technique of Quantity. The ease with which they can execute difficult technical feats intoxicates them with such a sense of power over their bodies that they deliver themselves up to an orgy of spinning, leaping and beating, on earth and in the air, until watching them one begins to feel giddy from that wild, ugly and senseless vortex of whirling and hurtling shapes. Sickened, as well, by the smiles of self-satisfied pride that irresistibly radiate through the sweat and grimaces of physical exertion. And this triumph of the music-hall this full surrender to the worship of Quantity, soon blunts all sensitivity in these dancers, stifles their artistic development, until, in time, they emerge—perfect dance-robots!

Igor Schwezoff rehearsing in his ballet Eternal Struggle.

Despised Cinderella

Meanwhile, where is Quality where is the mysterious ugly duckling, the despised Cinderella, hidden promise of a crystal beauty tantalizingly hidden beneath the grey cloak of discipline, all the little touches that make the dance alive and expressive? Where is Quality, the whole charm, strength and sense of the classical dance? Gone and forgotten! Overpowered and suffocated by the uncontrolled technique that sends the dance contemptuously spinning from the magic shadows and colours of the footlights to the blinding arcs of the sawdust ring!

This strife—a losing battle—between the claims of Quantity and Quality, is never so aptly illustrated as by the two types of bad character dancers that one often sees; namely, the vulgar and the timid. As we watch the first, who over-emphasizes to the point of caricature, laying on the wild dash and temperament until the stage seems a noisy stampede of thrashing arms, kicking legs and flashing eyes; and the second, who under-emphasizes, moving decently and primly, full of misplaced self-control, posturing with a fearful care and timidity, as

(*continued on page seventeen*)

The Marquis and

Marjorie Tallchief and George Zoritch in the pas de deux *from the Second Entrée in John Taras'* Le Bal des Jeunes Filles. *This work to a Mozart symphony was first seen in London during the season. It has no plot but concerns, in terms of dancing, the entrées of various guests at a masqued ball. Very much in the vein of Balanchine it had, nevertheless, many touches that were personal to Taras. Some of the grouping and patterns were most beautiful.*

Tallchief showed, during the season, a marked technical development since she was last here. Zoritch, not seen in London since before the war, proved to be a fine partner and when given the chance revealed a striking personality. Unfortunately he was not given a chance to shine but it is hoped that with Hightower's ballet Scaramouche, *in which he plays the lead, he will get the important role he deserves. (Photo: Paul Wilson)*

The company of the fabulous Marquis de Cuevas is one of the few privately owned ballet companies in the world. In England it was first seen at Covent Garden in 1948 and again in 1949. Then it was large and unwieldy with as fine a collection of dancers as might be found anywhere today. With two notable exceptions the ballets themselves left a great deal to be desired. After two years they have again visited us but as a much more compact group and at a smaller theatre.

FIRST impressions are the most important. A woman can, and does, appear beautiful at one moment and slatternly at another but to those who know her she will always remain in their minds as they first saw her. So it is with ballet companies and a first night can make or mar a season. Therefore it was rather unfortunate that the company reappeared at the Cambridge Theatre, after two years, with the particular programme that they did.

The opening ballet, *Les Sylphides*, is too well-known in England for anyone to alter it and not expect a certain amount of adverse criticism. Hightower danced well and she was magnificently partnered by Zoritch but all their artistry could not alter a version that resembled cabbage butterflies at high noon rather than the moonlit wraiths of a poet's imagination.

This was followed by Balanchine's *Night Shadow* which was always one of the best works in the repertoire and the new decor by Delfau was a decided improvement. Skibine repeated his sensitive performance of a poet who falls in love with the sleepwalking wife of the host at a masked ball. As the Sleepwalker, Tallchief did not give the same feeling of youthful innocence as did her predecessors but then there is nothing in the role to suggest that this quality is necessary. She drifted beautifully through what must be one of the most original *pas de deux* ever devised. In the Divertissement to entertain the guests, the Pastorale, danced by Tania Elg and Helené Sadovska, was better than before; so also were the two Negroes of Golovina and Adama, but I missed the three boys who used to dance acrobatics with large hoops. As the Host, Taras gave a fine study of cold calculation and repressed jealousy.

It was most interesting to see the *pas de deux* from Act I, scene 2, of *Raymonda* which Madame Egorova revived for Hightower and Skibine. The *adagio* must be the most lyrical that Petipa ever created. Unfortunately the two variations are of such a different character, both musically and choreographically, that they seem wrong. The coda lacked the *bravura* that one always feels to be essential for a dance of this kind.

If there were prizes offered for the worst ballet to be given by an international company in the past few years, there is no doubt that *The Enchanted Mill* would be well in the running. Today there is compensation for this piece of "corn" about a lazy miller stung into amorous action by a bee. The work has been shortened considerably and makes a perfect vehicle for Serge Golovine. It is a mistake to say that this Franco-Russian dancer is the most distinguished male dancer to visit England since the war because obviously he has still a long way to go in his development, but apart from Babilée he is certainly the most sensational (like Babilée he is more sensational on some nights than others). He is slight of build with amazing *batterie* and *elevation* and the ability to do almost anything without any apparent preparation. He has the usual French faults of showing his teeth too much and not taking his calls well. Characterisation would seem, at the moment, to elude him as was proved by his Dandy in *Le Beau Danube*. But all these faults can be rectified, and no doubt will, for he is a very hard worker and takes correction.

New to London

The creations, shown to London for the first time during the season, were by George Skibine and John Taras. The former's *Tragedy of Verona* was seen at the Edinburgh Festival last year. The span of Tchaikovsky's symphonic poem, *Romeo and Juliet*, is too brief to realise the full implications of Shakespeare's tragedy, in visual form. A few bars of the music can convey something in the concert hall which would need many more bars in the theatre to obtain the same effect. Nevertheless, Skibine has whittled it down to the mere bone of an unfortunate liason between two young people of opposing houses. The love passages are tender and full of feeling and as given by Skibine himself and Andrea Karlsen it is possible to believe in the power of the bond which bound them eternally. For a first work Skibine has been wise not to attempt too much, with the result that every bit of choreography tells. The main setting and also the costumes are pretty as well as intelligent. Delfau seems to be a designer who understands the theatre but concentrates rather too much on monochrome sets as a background for his colourful and elaborate costumes—a conceit that might become tedious if overdone.

Annabel Lee, Skibine's second creation, was based on Edgar Allen Poe's poem of the girl who loved and died by the sea. Virtually a *pas de deux*—three other figures collectively decorated the stage as Death—for the choreographer himself and his wife, Marjorie Tallchief, it was one of those choreographic poems that can frequently make such effective theatre. The mood was well captured and this was helped by the Byron Schiffman music for the sung poem. It showed a marked improvement on Skibine's first work and created a considerable impression on all who saw it though one rather hopes that these wistful love poems are not going to become a trademark with choreographer Skibine.

The mark of Balanchine

John Taras is a choreographer on entirely the opposite end of the see-saw to Skibine. In the manner of Balanchine, he is so busy interpreting the music in terms of dancing that any emotion arises only from the music itself and not from the narrative. The music in his case, is always dominant. His two new creations were not shown to the best advantage at their first performance being given in the same programme as two Balanchine works—a very indifferent *Concerto Barocco* and *Night Shadow*. The ensuing monotony did nobody any good.

Tarasiana was one of those *pas de deux* which can probably only be danced by the people for whom it was created—in this case, Hightower and Golovine. Seldom can there have been two such difficult variations as those for Hightower and seldom has there been seen such exquisite dancing. Golovine, oddly enough, was not so successful and the eighteenth century wig did not suit him. The whole thing was like one of those disarmingly delicate pieces of porcelain whose full beauty can only be seen at close quarters; which is also the spirit of the Mozart-Tchaikovsky music.

Mozart also was the composer used for *Le Bal des Jeunes Filles;* another plotless work using the eternal black all-over tights for the boys and black and white tutus for the girls. A chandelier and black drapes made the setting for this austere ball. The choreography was full of intricate and beautiful patterns, many lifts, and no atmosphere (if such was intended). The work was good for showing the technical brilliance of Tallchief and again it was possible to see the fine partnering of Zoritch.

Designs with Strings remains the best of Taras' ballets and it seems to be given better now by this company than any since Metro-

the Ballet Company

by

Peter Williams

politan. The whole aspect alters according to who is dancing it—Tallchief and Skibine made it technical, Karlsen and Adama made it emotional. The two latter more closely resembled Beriosova and Adams (who created it) than anyone since. Adama is apt to overstress the emotion but he danced well and, more than anyone else in an equal position, has made the greatest strides in the company.

Misconstructed classics

So much for the creations. The classics did not fare so well except that almost without exception the dancing was brilliant. *Les Sylphides* and *Le Lac des Cygnes*, should not be given and as for an interlude calling itself *Divertissement!* Poor Tchaikovsky! poor Petipa! why should their names be associated with this mutilation of the better-known bits from *The Sleeping Beauty?* Apart from the choreography, the *tempi* were all astray. Florestan and his sisters, for instance, shuffled on to a funeral dirge. The fairies variations bore scant resemblance to anything we know. The *grand pas de deux* was very vulgar and even the Bluebird of Golovine seemed weighed-down by the oppressive *chi-chi* of the affair. The costumes were the last word in chic stupidity. Needless to say the members of the audience who were not writhing in their seats, were cheering their heads off.

On the other hand, the Black Swan *pas de deux* by Hightower and Golovine remains the only excuse I know for this sort of display. She was wonderful as always; and on one Saturday night (October 13) he gave one of the most remarkable male variations I have ever seen.

The Balanchine *Pas de trois* from *Paquita* was charming in design and execution. Always faultlessly danced by Hightower, Harriet Toby and Golovine. In her variation, Toby should avoid, what appears to be, an impersonation of Toumanova in *Don Quixote*.

Hightower's *Giselle* has developed considerably since the company were at Covent Garden. Her first act and mad scene are now very moving. Her arms could be more romantically rounded and her famous *èquilibre* could be softened down in the variations. Skibine repeated his poetically understated Albrecht and added many new touches. At one moment he shows his natural irritation at female behaviour by pushing Giselle to the ground. Taras made a convincing and rather hard-done-by Hilarion. The production as a whole left a lot to be desired though the distinguished dancing of the principals helped to obscure the many faults.

Dancers deserve better

A company that can present an array of dancers such as this will always find a welcome in London. If some of the criticism of the season appears rather carping it is because these dancers are not always shown in works that display them to the best advantage. That *maître de ballet* Taras has pulled the company together is beyond question; his energy should now be devoted to applying the same treatment to the repertoire. This should be entirely ruthless and only in this way can the company reach the position that its dancers deserve—International Touring Company Number One.

Serge Golovine as the Miller in Lichine's Enchanted Mill. *It was in this role that London first saw one of the most remarkable dancers to visit us for some time. His remarkable elevation, his beats, and the neatness of his execution have won him just renown.*

(*Photo: Lido*)

Books for Christmas

FOR those interested in ballet, books make ideal presents. In the past we have had a number of volumes that were charming to look at but after the first excitement of receiving them had past they were usually banished to shelves never to be opened again.

This year the books on ballet are of more importance. Many of them being both entertaining and invaluable as reference books.

First on the list come two re-issues of works by Cyril Beaumont. I know of no more important book on the art than his *Complete Book of Ballets* (Putnam, 42*s*.) which has recently been brought up-to-date. It now contains the casts of several Soviet ballets together with fresh material on early Petipa works. It has been revised all through and many corrections made. Nobody who has a true interest in ballet, that is to say an interest more than star infatuation, can possibly afford to be without it. I know of no other ballet book about which I could make this statement.

More personal is his *Diaghilev Ballet in London* (A. & C. Black, 24*s*.) which shows how a real balletomane (not to be confused with the present day hysterical fan) became involved in the greatest ballet company that this century has yet produced. It is one of those books that I find myself returning to, from time to time, and always with enjoyment.

Of the recent biographies of those connected with ballet Nicholas Nabokov's *Old Friends and New Music* (Hamish Hamilton, 12*s*. 6*d*.) is the most entertaining. He is the composer who wrote the music for *Ode* in 1928, and his experiences with the Diaghilev company at that time make fascinating reading. This is not just one of those books of dry facts but is witty, frank, and well-written. There is much about Prokofiev, Stravinsky and Shostakovitch, so the book will also be interesting to those who perhaps have a greater feeling for music than ballet.

It is rather late in the day for a book on the Sadler's Wells tour of America, but those thousands who have collections of Wellsiana will want Franklin White's *Sadler's Wells Ballet Goes Abroad* (Faber and Faber, 25*s*.) This gives a detailed account of the triumphs, trials and tribulations of the second Wells tour of America. The gossipy photographs by Bryan Ashbridge enliven the text though the more serious portraits of the whole company are a mistake. In a hundred years time this will be a very valuable account of the difficulties of touring a large company in this so-called enlightened age. This is very much a book for home consumption because it should be remembered that American companies have been trekking in great discomfort for years.

For the fans, Gordon Anthony's *Alicia Markova* (Phoenix House, 15*s*.) is an excellent photo-biography of the great ballerina. The fifty-three photographs show, more clearly than any words, how she has developed over the years. It is extraordinary how, even in the earliest 1932 photograph, her obvious ballerina quality is apparent.

Those interested in the dances and customs of other countries will like Sula Benet's *Song Dance, and Customs of Peasant Poland* (Dennis Dobson, 18*s*.) It gives a very good idea of the background from which national dances emerge.

P. W.

Agnes de Mille in her own work, Ballet Class. *One of the photographs from her autobiography*, Dance of the Piper (*Hamish Hamilton*, 18s.) *to be published November* 30.

No fantasy for Christmas

Christmas, for a critic, is rather like one of those first-nights that you know is coming and which you keep putting off in your mind, until all of a sudden it hits you in the eye.

SOMEHOW it seems to have hit London's ballet in the eye, too, and in the blind spot that everybody has in his eye. For this year it looks as if ballet has missed the bus when it comes to catering for Christmas crowds.

Ballet is the ideal entertainment for the Christmas season. I use the word entertainment deliberately, for there are two distinct types of ballet, setting out to perform different things.

There is the serious ballet to which all the technicians pay a great deal of attention and on which people argue their heads off with all the seriousness which a House of Commons brings to a debate on foreign affairs.

On the other hand, there is another and quite a different type. About this type the super-highbrow smiles condescendingly and, with a faint curl of the lip, sneers, "Oh yes, pleasant entertainment, I suppose".

And it is this type of ballet to which the public throngs, knowing what it wants from the theatre, and willing to pay for it.

There are certain times of the year when everybody, including critics, wants to settle back in a theatre seat and relax, to see something bright, gay, and escapist, well done. In other words, we do like to enjoy ourselves every now and then.

Christmas is one of those times; and in Britain we have made a national habit of doing it at the Christmas pantomimes. But unless my memory is very much at fault, it seems to me that the pantomime is not quite what it used to be—or ought to be.

Once it was a fairy tale, something completely "out of this world". It is true that to the presentation of it producers brought all the arts of the theatre; but essentially the show remained in the realm of fantasy—all the rest was trimming.

Nowadays, like so many other things, the pantomime seems to have forgotten much of its original purpose and to be concentrating on the trimming.

This is where ballet should come in.

New Records

Whatever the ballet companies may or may not do, ballet-lovers at least can have their own Christmas ballet—on records.

Thanks to them, we who love some of the Christmas aspect of ballet can recapture its charm to a great extent, aurally if not visually.

IN the last year, much has been added to the recorded repertoire of ballet, and now there is a mass of material from which we can choose.

At this time of gift-giving, too, we can think of some of this for our presents for ballet-loving friends, and if we don't know exactly what they want, there are always the useful record-tokens, which they can exchange at record stores for whatever music they may wish to add to their collections.

But you must choose carefully. All records of ballet music are not good—that is, however good they may be in other respects, they are not always good when regarded as ballet music.

There is, as I have so often stressed, a very great difference between performances of exactly the same score, when played in a concert hall and played in the theatre. Some ballet scores have a legitimate place in a concert hall, and are fine music in themselves. But primarily a ballet score is written to be danced, and in the theatre. And it takes a conductor of more than ordinary imagination to capture that delicate and indefinable atmosphere of theatre in performance of ballet music.

In the theatre itself it is a little easier—the atmosphere is already there. But it is a different matter when a conductor and his players are shut up in a recording studio, with its business-like and efficient feeling of every second being measured in terms of heavy expenditure. It cannot always be done, but some recordings have managed to achieve it. If you look back through the past year's issues of DANCE AND DANCERS, you will come across many sets of ballet records which I have recommended to you, and which will give you and your friends a great deal of Christmas delight.

The Parlophone company has just begun to issue new sets of ballet records as a special series. The first one is a suite from Delibes' *Sylvia*—perhaps another reminder to Covent Garden to make up its mind whether or not to revive the work!

This set is on two double-sided 12-inch discs (Parlophone P.W. 8000-1), played by the Royal Opera House Orchestra conducted by Hugo Rignold. As it is a couple of years at least since Mr. Rignold was ballet conductor at Covent Garden, I am guessing that these records were made some time ago, certainly when the orchestra was not up to its present standard.

Quite apart from the actual playing, this is one of those performances which play perfectly every note that it in front of the players—and not a thing more. In other words, it is quite all right if you are thinking of it in terms of a concert performance, but not of ballet. You do not have to know the ballet of *Sylvia* to realise that. A little while ago we had a splendid performance of this music (and a little more of it into the bargain) on Decca, conducted by the sensitive and vigorous Roger Dèsormiére who you could almost feel danced every bar of it in his mind while he conducted.

One thing this new set has, and that is the "pre-curtain" Prelude, a fine little piece of orchestration. Most other performances usually play the Introduction after the rise of the curtain and call that the Prelude.

The four sides are (a) *Prelude* and *The Huntresses;* (b) the *Intermezzo* and the *Valse Lente* (played with about as much imagination as a metronome); (c) the *Pizzicati;* and (d) the *Cortege de Bacchus*.

As if to compensate for its faults, the whole set is a magnificent example of recording; everything is sharp and clear, with a minimum of surface noise.

SUGGESTED PRESENTS

Pineapple Poll (Sullivan-Mackerras): Sadler's Wells, Orchestra, cond. Charles Mackerras. Columbia, DX.8387-92, 6 12-in. 6*s*. 10*d*. each. 41*s*. complete.

Theme and Variations (Tchaikowsky) (*Variations on a Theme, Suite No. 3 in G*): Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Nikolai Malko. H.M.V., C.7826-8, 3 12-in., 6*s*. 10*d*. each 20*s*. 6*d*. complete.

Coppelia (Delibes): Orchestre des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, cond. Roger Desormiere. Decca, AK.2346-8, 2 12-in., 8*s*. 3*d*. each. 16*s*. 6*d*. complete.

Petrouchka (Stravinsky): Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, cond. Ernest Ansermet. Decca AX.328-32, 5 12-in., 9*s*. 8½*d*. each. 48*s*. 6½*d*. complete. Or on Long-Playing, LXT.2502, 39*s*. 6*d*.

La Boutique Fantasque (Rossini-Respighi): London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Ernest Ansermet. Decca Long-Playing, LXT.2555, 39*s*. 6*d*.

Sylvia (Delibes): Orchestre des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, cond. Roger Desormiere. Decca, AX.411-3, 3 12-in., 9*s*. 8½*d*. each, 29*s*. 1½*d*. complete.

Music
by EVAN SENIOR

What of the future?

by PAUL TASSOVIN

Tassovin answers A. V. Coton's article *Think of a date* in our September issue.

A. V. COTON'S distinguished article upon the relationship of Ballet in Our Age with that of the past incites me to write a few words about those influences which cause the ebb and flow of ballet. One can agree with most of Coton's assertions—but is it really possible that one can study "the whole sequence of events year by year" of past "periods" of ballet? Knowing of the tons of poppycock that is printed annually about ballet today, and allowing for the fact that perhaps almost as many ignoramuses wrote about ballet in past centuries, what possible chance is there of arriving at any truthful estimate of past achievements in relation to the present.

Ballet being an interpretative art, defies comparison beyond the limit of living memory. A critic's eulogies about his favourite ballerina of a hundred years ago can only provide unreliable evidence of her personality and her accomplishments, a photograph or engraving might suggest a more enlightening conception—but can give no true idea of her aura upon the stage. Relics of costumes or designs, fragments of choreoscript tell no more of the actual living essence of a ballet as it was, in that particular "period" of time, than do the tombs and mummified remains of Egyptian Kings, tell of their departed dynasties.

At the most we can only get a mythical conception by letting instincts and imagination play with the innanimate trappings of bygone eras; the breath of immortality is bestowed or contrived by the living; and thrives as much on misconceptions as on facts.

Even during the last twenty-five years, the history of ballet has been distorted. Facts are distorted before our very eyes. The word "great" is bestowed too easily.

Mr. Coton whose views I respect comments that "the growth of ballet here since 1931 is a consequence of the Diaghileff stimulus". That is a concrete fact: but in assessing the merits and ills of ballet today, I think there is no need to go back to 1789, 1819 or 1858 to study what was making ballet "popular or pretentious, successful or silly". In any case popularity and silliness usually go together; at least they do today.

Ballet in our time is in need of sound foundations. By stealing the trappings and the trimmings from the corpse of Russian Ballet, producers and choreographers of today have remodelled or hashed up a best seller; but a best seller that in essential spirit and guts is as dead as the corpse it was filched from.

It is the fashion to give Diaghileff the credit for everything; but Diaghileff could never have succeeded without the rich materials which a long tradition of teaching had produced. Diaghileff was the supreme opportunist; by taking those riches, which in their own setting were becoming lifeless and stultified by the rigid formalism prevalent in the Imperial Theatres, and by giving a new and daring twist, by breaking ruthlessly from convention, and with the help of simultaneous eras of great music and painting, he created the most sensational period of ballet history.

Since the death of Russian Ballet, efforts to revive the corpse have failed regrettably, and in vain such efforts still continue. Those who have tried to carve a new way have made a progress, a development, some commendable innovations have appeared, but nothing on the grand scale. No giant has come upon the scene, no dictator to shape the future—thus ballet has spread and multiplied with the aid of little people until it has become a pastime of the people.

Popularity has reached saturation point. The time is at hand when audiences will become exhausted. Standards continue to fall. Now upon the crest of the wave ballet is in grave danger.

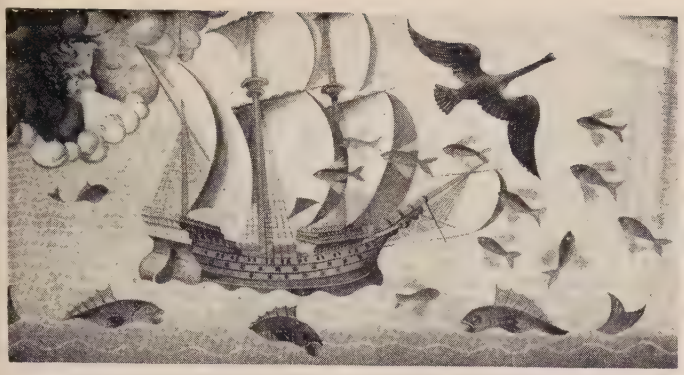
What is the chief danger? Not to my mind the imminent slump in business, not the economic breakdown. Coton says truly "strong leadership can keep some form of ballet alive no matter what the financial or organisational difficulties". The chief danger is the loss of tradition—a dying-out of experts with a full and complete knowledge of the Russian tradition; a break in the continuity of teaching methods, a lack of understanding by present day teachers of the inner processes of the art.

England has proved in the last twenty years that it can make dancers. It has yet to prove that it can make artists.

Mr. Coton advocates seeing more ballet to educate our tastes but when ballet is of an all-round standard of mediocrity and banality it can only degrade our tastes. And how can people who do not understand the workings of ballet learn by watching mediocre performances?

The real substance of classical dance has been watered down, artificers of today become more slip-shod and careless. Mr. Montagu Nathan in a recent letter to the *Sunday Times* asked "When is ballet going to grow up?" Well might he ask.

Let us face it, there is little hope of an artistic revival in our time, for ballet-masters and choreographers of integrity are almost non existent and there is no "school" that even attempts to create the master-choreographer of the future.



The drop curtain designed by William Constable.

New Ballets

THE BLACK SWAN

Ballet in three acts by Margaret Millet. Choreography by E. Borovansky. Music by Sibelius arranged by Dudley Simpson. Costumes and scenery by William Constable. First given by the Borovansky Ballet Company at the Empire Theatre, Sydney, Australia, in April, 1951.

ACT I

On the Waterfront in Amsterdam

Captain Vlaming .. .. John Auld
Villemine (his daughter, fiancée of Lieut. Brandt) Dorothy Stevenson
Mrs. Brandt .. .. Marilyn Bognor
Lieut. Brandt (her son) .. .. Kenn Gillespie
Girl Friends .. .. .. Misses Westerland, Gordon, Mckinlay, Paul.
Boy Friends .. .. .. Messrs. Edwards, Smith, Paul, Manuel

ACT II

On deck at night.

The Black Swan .. .. Edna Busse
Lieut. Brandt .. .. Kenn Gillespie

ACT III

On the banks of the Swan River, Western Australia—Late afternoon.

Captain Vlaming .. .. John Auld
Lieut. Brandt .. .. Kenn Gillespie
The Black Swan .. .. Edna Busse
Sailors .. .. Messrs. Paul, Smith, Manuel, and Edwards
The Swans .. .. Misses Madden, Osborne, Bognor, Ellis, Purves, Monro, Campbell, Wyatt, Gordon, Dickenson, Wood, Nicholls, Florenz, Paul, Bryson, and Firth.

THE story has nothing to do with Tchaikovsky's famous work about swans but concerns the discovery of Western Australia by the Dutch East India Company in the seventeenth century. In January, 1697, Captain Vlaming discovered the Swan River, on which the city of Perth now lies.

The ballet opens with the departure of the Dutch sailors from Amsterdam. Lieut. Brandt says farewell to his fiancée Villemine.

During the voyage, Brandt dreams of a Black Swan which symbolises a new land awaiting him.

Arriving at an unknown shore he suffers conflicting emotions between his desire to return to his sweetheart in Amsterdam and his reluctance at leaving the enchanting swans.

History relates that four of the black swans were captured, two being taken as a present to the Governor General of the Dutch Indies in Batavia, and the other two brought back to Holland.

To-day this bird is the emblem of Western Australia. The coloured species is a native of Australia, the only white ones in the Dominion having been imported.

THIS is the second of Borovansky's ballets which take their subject matter from an Australian background. The other, also given in the Spring of this year, was called *The Outlaw* and was about the famous bushranger Ned Kelly who was hanged in 1880. He is still a figure of great controversy as people seem undecided as to whether he was a criminal or a victim of injustice. The ballet falls into a Prologue and two acts with Paul Grinwis as Ned Kelly. The score is by Verdon Williams and William Constable again designed the scenery and costumes.

Lieut. Brandt (Kenn Gillespie) bids farewell to his fiancée, Villemine (Dorothy Stevenson) in Amsterdam before sailing.

Brandt has a vision of the Black Swan (Edna Busse) which symbolises the land awaiting him. Kenn Gillespie is a young dancer of 19 who is starting to show great promise.

The final act on the Swan River, in which Brandt has to decide between returning to Holland or remaining with the swans.

(Photos: Hal Williamson)

New Ballets

HOOPS

Choreography, by Walter Gore. Music, Poulenc. Decor and Costumes, Kenneth Rowell. Ballet first created for London Theatre Ballet at the Winter Gardens Pavilion, Eastbourne, in August 1951. First London performance given in collaboration with Ballet Workshop at the Mercury Theatre on Sunday, November 11, 1951.

CAST

Domini Callaghan, Yvonne Cartier, Hazel Wiscombe, Marjorie Woodhams, Selena Wylie, Michel de Lutry, and Terence Gilbert.

Left, Michel de Lutry. Right, Domini Callaghan.
(*Photos: Pincham*)

IT would seem that the subjects for the divertissment type of ballet had almost exhausted themselves. Yet Walter Gore by using ordinary children's wooden hoops has managed to create a work that is quite remarkable for its originality and invention.

Sometimes the hoops become entwined somewhat similar to the swords in English folk dances ; sometimes they are bounced, sometimes swung ; occasionally the hoops circumscribe the dancers. Each of the nine variations—consisting of a solo, two *pas de deux*, a *pas de trois*, four *pas de quatre* and an *ensemble*—is witty and ideally suited to the Poulenc score.

The decor and costumes by the Australian designer, Kenneth Rowell are excellent. The pendant ropes and the low parapet, painted with typical circus subjects, give the right atmosphere. The bright rainbow-shaded costumes are *chic* and exactly what a work of this kind needs.

The work was created for a larger stage than that of the Mercury but the dancers managed to contract so that the stage never seemed overcrowded. Michel de Lutry and Domini Callaghan have seldom been seen to better advantage. Both danced with crispness and humour.

This ballet is further proof of the remarkable range of Gore's choregraphic genius. To create a light work that is never, at any time, puerile is a rare achievement. Ashton was the first choreographer to excel in this *genre*, it is good to know that there is someone to carry on where Ashton, lately, has left off.

P. W.

NO LIPS OF COMFORT

Choreography by Michael Charnley. Music by Granados (*The Lady and the Nightingale* from the opera, *Goyescas*). Costumes by Henry Graveney and Esther Capadose. First given by Ballet Workshop at the Mercury Theatre on Sunday, October 14, 1951.

CAST

Narrator	Brian Cobby
The Young Man	Michael Charnley
The Young Girl	June Leighton

The ballet was inspired by, and danced to, the following lines from Rupert Brooke's poem, *Finding*.

From the candles and damp shadows
And the house where love had died,
I stole to the vast moonlight
And the whispering life outside
But I found no lips of comfort
No home in the moon's light
(I, little and lone and frightened
In the unfriendly night)
And no meaning in the voices.

Far over the lands
Through the dark beyond the ocean
I willed to think of you
For I knew had you been with me
I'd have known the words of night,
Found peace of heart,
Gone gladly in comfort of that light.

O, the wind with soft beguiling
Would have stolen my thoughts away.
And the night subtly smiling
Came by the silver way
And the moon came down
And danced with me
And her robe was white and flying
And trees bent their heads to me,
mysteriously crying.
And dead voices wept around me
And dead soft fingers thrilled
And the little gods whispered.

But ever desperately I willed
Till all grew soft and far and silent.
But I found no lips of comfort,
No home in the moon's light,
And no meaning in the voices.

THE work is reviewed by Clive Barnes on page twenty-three. Since this first work by Charnley for Ballet Workshop, a further one was given on November 11. Entitled *Bagatelle*, to Howard Ferguson music, it was a *pas de trois* for Sonya Hana, June Leighton, and Terry Gilbert. This again revealed that Charnley is a choreographer with ideas and he seems to have absorbed the best of the Modern Dance idiom and wedded it to classicism. He should certainly be given a chance to expand ; some of those companies, in their continual search for a new choreographer, ought to make use of him.

(*Photo: Paul Wilson*)

Above, A Monk (Frank Staff) tries to comfort the Young Woman (Paula Hinton). Right. The Villagers surround and accuse the Young Woman. *(Photos: Duncan Melvin)*

LA DAMNÉE (The damned woman)

First given by Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées at the Theatre de l'Empire, Paris, on Monday, October 29, 1951. Ballet by Walter Gore, dedicated to Paula Hinton. Music by Samuel Barber, with a percussion introduction by Michael Hobson. Choreography, Walter Gore. Decor and costumes by Yves Bonnat.

CAST

The Young Woman	Paula Hinton
The General Advocate	Deryk Mendel
The Priest	Tony Pardina
The Counsel for the Defence	John Scancarella
The Monk	Frank Staff
The Executioner	Roland Casenave
The Judge	Victor Duntiere
Peasants	Mdlles, Richer, Salvan, Franky, Russel, Morice, Defour, Millon, Alle.

A young girl is pursued by peasants who unjustly accuse her of witchcraft. While a priest tries to protect her, the cries of the returning villagers are heard. The girl believes that it is all a trick on the part of the priest so that he can hinder her escape and deliver her to the authorities. In her terror she attacks the priest and kills him. The mob seize her and she is committed for trial. Convicted of murder she is condemned to be burnt at the stake.

Rambert choreographers step out

IN this Silver Jubilee year of the Rambert Ballet, it is interesting to see how the choreographers, developed by Marie Rambert during the years that they were in her company, are beginning to make their presence felt in the other great capitals of the world—Paris and New York. Frederick Ashton is creating new works for New York City Ballet, Walter Gore and Frank Staff have recently mounted works for Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées in Paris.

Staff's Roman holiday

Frank Staff's *Romanza Romana* to music of Pierre Petit, is light and trivial. Concerning lovers in a tourist-ridden part of Rome, it amounts to little more than another *Impromptu au Bois* (mounted by Ruth Page earlier in the year and reviewed in our October issue). It really is not necessary to have more than one ballet of this kind in a repertoire and Staff's work thus loses on this account.

The choreography is full of invention but, saddled with such a banal plot and decoration, nothing really projects. It remains for the dancers, with their particular personalities, to give the work any sort of impact.

As the Young Man, Skouratoff gave the sensitive sort of performance we have now come to expect from him. As his girl friend, Daniele Darmance does some acrobatics in order to express her feelings. Although this is an art in which she excels, it seems a pity if it has to be laboured into every role created for her because she is now a good enough dancer to stand on her own pretty feet rather than her hands and head.

As Staff is remaining as resident choreographer with the company, let us hope that he will soon be given a chance to display his own particular choreographic wit to advantage.

Gore's witch-hunt

Gore's ballet caused quite a sensation, partly on account of the subject and partly because of Paula Hinton. The Champs-Elysées ballet needs a good dramatic work now that it no longer has *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*.

It is always a mistake to build a work too much around the qualities of one dancer. Here it is Hinton, Hinton, all the way. From the moment the curtain rises she is the focal point. Hers is a great dramatic performance, as great in its way as the creations of Nora Kaye. Everyone else is but a shadow. Nor does the mob take on a very sinister quality.

Persecution is a terrifying thing, human beings reduced to animals in the mass hysteria of their witch hunting can become an overwhelming juggernaut of beastiality. But one never got this feeling from the absurdly dressed creatures who scurried about the stage. The designing as a whole might have been partly responsible for this failing. A more closed-in setting would have helped considerably. As it was the stage seemed very empty with low black rostrums against a cyclorama, such as used to be the standard setting for the rocky scenes in Wagner's *Ring*.

It is possible that Gore was only allowed a few rehearsals for the *corps de ballet*. In which case it would have been impossible to more than sketch-in a few simple groups and movements. Should he be given more time to work on these details, there is no doubt that the ballet will become an important addition to any repertoire.

P. W.

NEXT MONTH

Twenty-one years of Sadler's Wells Theatre
Edward Noll of the Empire
Anton Dolin's Page
Letters from Sadlers' Wells Theatre Ballet in America
Acrobatics in ballet
New Ballet supplement includes— *Revanche, Prologue to Canterbury,* **other new Ballet Workshop creations**
All the usual features and a new Personality Page.
To be published on December 31

curtain up!

THOSE doves, from the Champs-Elysées ballet, *Les Forains*, that have featured in this column before, are getting around and are now called upon to imitate other birds.

In Ruth Page's *Revanche* (ballet version of Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, recently the big hit of the Paris season) Clavé designed some chicken coops to add colour to the gipsy encampment scene. Clavé was most anxious to have real hens so that the stage would have livestock additional to the dancers. The stage hands objected as they said the hens would be too messy ; it would need so much extra work to look after them. On the first night the audience noticed that there were apparently hens fluttering around in the coops but in reality—no hens they. Just our old friends the doves taking on another important role. It is quite time they had a special ballet created for them perhaps somebody can be persuaded to revive Respigi's *The Birds* especially for them. There used to be a beautiful *pas de deux* for doves.

BEFORE we leave the subject of our avian friends, it seem that Dolin has introduced a new Spanish swan to the ballet repertoire.

During the recent Festival Ballet tour of the North, Markova was unable to dance owing to a sprained ankle. In place of her *Dying Swan*, Dolin had his interpretation of Ravel's *Bolero*. One North Country paper unused to bird behaviour in ballet announced that the highlight of the programme was Anton Dolin's interpretation of the *Dying Swan* which he did in place of Alicia Markova ! We are now awaiting a full-length production of *Le Lac des Cygnes Espagnols* with the swans dancing a classical *bolero* and the huntsmen giving a mass *zapateado*. Perhaps Pilar Lopez can be persuaded to dance the dual role of Odetta-Odilita.

WE hope that the gangster-like outlook of the Sunderland University students is not going to turn into a disease.

When Festival Ballet were recently playing in that city, John Gilpin and Stage Director Ben Toff were kidnapped from their hotel They were taken out to lunch at an inn somewhere outside the city and held for ransom. The students rang-up the management of the company and demanded £5 for the local Cancer Hospital before the important personages could be returned. The reply that came back from Duggie Abbot (Manager of Festival Ballet) was that the company were prepared to pay £4 10s. for Gilpin but they would, very reluctantly, pay 10s. for Ben Toff. In fact they rather implied that they would be quite happy if the students kept Toff for ever. In the end the hospital got the five pounds, the hostages were safely returned, and the Stage Director licked his wounds determined to be a more valuable hostage next time.

THERE are few dancers that London has not seen but there is one that we are awaiting with all eagerness. For some time now his terpsichorean fame has spread, in fact his name was once attached to a photograph of Markova. We refer of course to that famous *ballerino*, Julian Braunsweg. Our appetite has been even more whetted by the announcement, in an Edinburgh paper, that Festival Ballet's famed impressario is one of its principal dancers together with Dolin, Krassovska and Gilpin. Should the English capital ever be honoured by his presence in any of his famous roles, he can rest assured that the theatre will be sold to capacity.

Margot Fonteyn leaving for an investiture at Buckingham Palace where she received the O.B.E. We are certain that readers will join us in congratulating her on an honour she so richly deserved.

(*Photo : Central Press*)

FOR many years, critics have carried on about the way the male dancer caresses his extended leg in the variation from *Les Sylphides*. It has always been said that this was the way Nijinsky did and this was what Fokine intended.

Over a recent lunch with George Skibine this theory was exploded. George's father, who was a dancer with the Diaghileff company, told him that the graceful gesture really came out of *Pavilion D'Armide*. It seems that Nijinsky used to sweep his extended leg with his hat, a typical eighteenth century gesture. So fond was he of this particular movement that he introduced it into *Les Sylphides* rather against the wishes of choreographer Fokine. However, Nijinsky had his way and the gesture remains to this day though in some versions it has been taken out to the fury of many people.

THE autobiography of the composer, Nicholas Nabokov, which has recently been published under the title *Old Friends and New Music* is both amusing and interesting (reviewed on page 11). One story tells of how Diaghilev met the great French composer, Gounod, in a Paris street one day. Diaghilev asked the composer, rich from the success of *Faust*, what his plans were for the coming season.

" I'm preparing my old opera *Adam and Eve* for production," replied Gounod.

" And may I ask, *cher Maitre*, in what costumes the opera will be played ? " asked Diaghilev. " In . . . fig leaves ? "

" *Tiens, je n'ai pas pensé à ce détail*," said the embarrassed composer.

Presumably the composer did think about it a bit more because there does not appear to be any record of such an opera ever having been produced.

AS most ballet-goers know almost all there is to know about the history of the art, there cannot be many people in the world who still send letters to famous personalities long since departed from this earth.

For a long time there remained on the notice board at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, a letter addressed to Marius Petipa, Esq. It was not until the letter got yellow with age that anyone took it into their heads to open it. It was a fan letter from somebody who said how much they enjoyed Mr. Petipa's choreography and hoped that he would soon be creating some new ballets. There must be many of us who would like this now impossible wish fulfilled.

ALMOST in answer to our plea last month for more food for dancers at after-theatre parties, came a last night party for the De Cuevas company given by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Daubeny. Mrs. Daubeny, one of the best hostesses always, not only gave plenty of food but it was all hot. It was really appreciated by the thirty or so people.

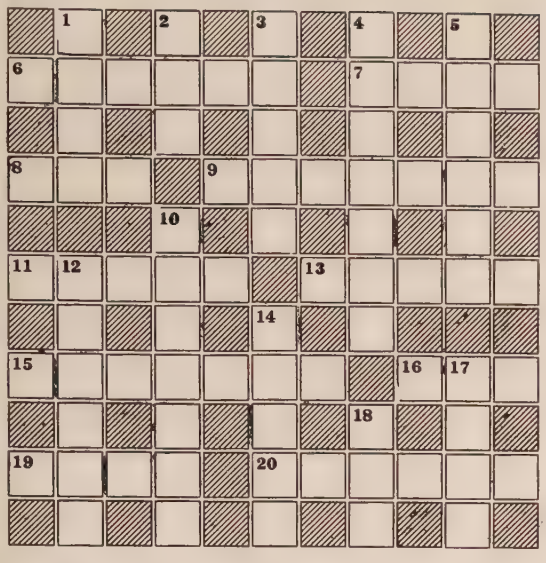
CHRISTMAS cards from readers to ballet dancers may be sent c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, Mersey House, 132-4 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. For Great Britain by December 17. For overseas by December 10th.

happy birthday to...

Violetta Verdi	Ballets des Champs Elysees	December 1
Dolores Starr	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	December 9
Harriet Toby	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	December 12
Helga Monson	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	December 13
Nathalie Phillipart	Ballet Theatre	December 15
Annette Page	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	December 18
Oleg Sabline	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	December 24
David Lichine		December 25
Patricia Miller	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	December 29
Beryl Goldwyn	Rambert Ballet	December 31

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, Mersey House, 132-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post cards early.

crossword . . . 8



BEGINNERS CLUES

ACROSS

6. Reward for a good performance of The Hussar? (6).
7. Dance that staggers a Scottish audience. (4).
8. Semi-circular light familiar to Moira Shearer. (3).
9. How *Coppelia* was re-presented at Sadler's Wells. (7).
11. What Paula Hinton calls Mr. Gore perhaps. (5).
13. The common variety is needed to put even the greatest talent to good use. (5).
15. If I fled, would she dance *Pineapple Poll* again? (7).
16. A dancer who could spin like one might get to it. (3).
19. Part of this leap gets one in the water. (4)
20. Being near in confuses the dancer. (6).

DOWN

1. Start, but not all the way, for a leading dancer. (4).
2. Tree which sounds warm enough to wear in the Snow Kingdom. (3).
3. Finding them in her tu-tu a dancer might burst into. (5).
4. Aurora's must be a hundred years long. (7).
5. They provide music appropriate to *The Dying Swan*. (6).
10. Whose role comes in 15? (7).
12. Sort of performance every new ballet gets. (1, 5).
14. Throw up the Highland dancing. (5).
17. Snow Queen becomes possessive. (4).
18. This dent suits Britannia in *Pineapple Poll*. (3).

VETERAN CLUES

ACROSS

6. Something fishy, not actually seen in *Les Patineurs* (6).
7. Briansky speaking to his limb perhaps? (4).
8. Alone, without A1 for the first act. (3).
9. He is well named for the Well's trip abroad (7).
11. Petrouchka might think this too amiable a description of the Moor. (1, 4).
13. With a cart and a banner they were almost the whole set for *Les Forains*. (5).
15. Fly-screens on the stage. You can't see through. (7).
16. A dance in the passage. (3).
19. No doubt her dressmaker would describe the Street-dancer thus. (4).
20. Finally, as important as the ankles, when dancing *Dying Swan*. (6).

DOWN

1. As were the Siamese twins in *Les Forains*. (4).
2. Part of *Fate's Revenge*. (3).
3. Familiar dress to Sarabhai. (1, 4).
4. Needed also, to keep brilliant technique at its best. (7).
5. In performance, the kind of 4 down which the ballet master is limited to. (6).
10. One does not expect such behaviour from Lanchberry after the performance. (7).
12. Painted, they form much of the background to ballet. (6).
14. Only one of the Wilis wears it. (5).
17. Partly scattered, it changes into portions of the whole ballet. (4).
18. A gratuity, for the most important point of a dancers toes. (3).

The above crossword is for amusement only and the answers will be found on page 26 of this issue

CLOWNS AND COMEDY IN BALLET

by CLIVE BARNES

(*Continued from page eight*)

would be ungrateful to leave comedy ballet without mentioning a work that has only recently been created and still bears, so to speak, the first bloom of youth on its cheeks—*Pineapple Poll*.

Cranko's ballet admirably illustrates my first point of a comedy telling a humorous story in choreography which is itself amusing. One detail at least from the finale of this ballet strikes me as a nigh-on perfect example of comic choreography—a sailor enters and starts a series of indiarubber jumps, another sailor seeing his comrade's prowess strives to rival him but after a few half-hearted attempts gives up the task as impossible. This, like most good visual jokes is singularly unfunny in the telling, but on the stage it is an incident that sticks in the mind long after more elaborately contrived incidents have been forgotten.

Elation not laughter

Finally when thinking about comedy ballets one must not omit those works frequently classified as comedies, which elate rather than amuse—*Les Patineurs*, *Simple Symphony*, *Soirée Musicale*, *Les Forains*. There is, admittedly, the mild slapstick of slipping skaters in *Patineurs*, the rollicking, Gallic clown of *Forains*, but on the whole these works are good-humoured rather than humorous, evoking more smiles than guffaws.

There is much more to be said about comedy ballet. How Massine's ballets nearly all have the same story—the foiling of an elderly or unsuitable suitor; how Ashton and Massine make use of mime; how Petit's comedies are so frequently ruined by his hearty schoolboyish sense of humour; how *A Wedding Bouquet* always makes me feel sad; how Robbins has given new life to the comedy ballet; how Helpmann and one or two other great ballet clowns can raise a laugh with a lifted eye-brow—but it's Christmas and who wants to be analytical. Merry Christmas!

QUALITY AND QUANTITY

by IGOR SCHWEZOFF

(*Continued from page nine*)

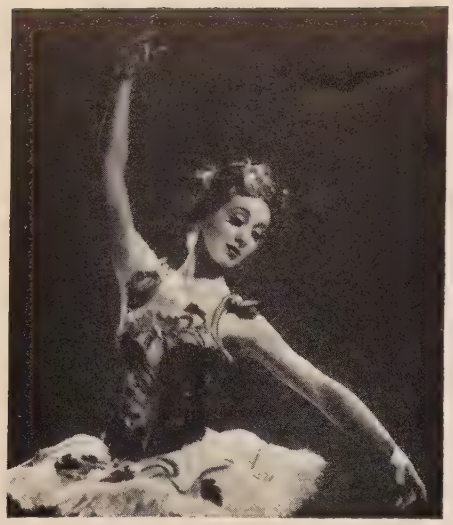
though the stage were paved with new-laid eggs. We wonder why it has never occurred to them that the simple remedy, this elusive yet redeeming Quality, only waits round the corner, able to save them from all their mistakes and, setting their noses along the narrow path of discipline, to lead them to a point where they can richly exchange application for inspiration.

Both those who give too much and those who give too little in their dance may have an equal sufficiency of technical Quantity, it is the lack of Quality which causes their over-abundance or their poverty. The timid ones are simply heedless of the fundamental nature of their movements and the mood they express; the fostering of Quality will bring them awareness and, even if they are temperamentally lacking in warmth and *brio*, will give to their movements a sharpness and lucidity of form that will add liveliness and interest to their interpretation. With the wild ones, it is a case of uncontrolled Quantity. And here again only the discipline of Quality can help the performer, restraining his mood and temperament and controlling the shape of his dance, so that his performance does not degenerate into the acrobatic style of cabaret or circus.

I repeat: Quantity must go in hand with Quality. Sure technique banishes self-consciousness, fosters self-confidence and gives ease of performance to the dancer. In other words, Quantity gives to the artist the freedom to concentrate on Quality. And this acquisition of the Quality that gives finish and significance to his movements, is the most difficult phase in the development of an artist and requires long and arduous training.

Realizing this, the Academical Theatre Schools of Russia educate their dancers from childhood onwards for a period of at least six to seven years before allowing them to appear on the stage in roles of any responsibility or even in the *corps-de-ballet*. At the start of its training the child is given into the charge of a well-trained dancer—who need not necessarily be an artist—and slowly, from having acquired a certain amount of Quantity must also devote themselves to the quest of finish and still further refinements in the quality of their dance. For the artistic leaders the problem will be more difficult: the task of directing the steps of their followers, nurturing carefully and patiently the twin seed of the classicism dance, Quantity and Quality, equally important in the art of the dance and choreography, so helping the growing artist to become a live, strong builder of the new form of contemporary ballet art, which is created and built up on the foundation of old principles and traditions.

Dance and Dancers *is used to decorate the windows of the famous ballet shoe maker, Gamba, of Dean Street, London. Photo: A. C. Weedon*



Anne Negus, for many years a principal soloist with Sadler's Wells Ballet, teaches classical ballet. (*Photo: Maurice Seymour*)

So you want to dance

by ANTHONY COWPER

4. JOAN DAVIS SCHOOL, 26, West Street, London, W.C.2

Last month we wrote about the Cone-Ripman Schools, now we are introducing you to another theatrical school, the Joan Davis School of Dancing.

THIS is a theatrical school with a difference. Far away from the gilded Mayfair halls of the Cone-Ripman, the Joan Davis School has its home in a basement studio near Soho. It is entered by way of a dark stairway that could well be leading to a crypt. The heart of the organisation is the Secretary's office, that is reached by passing through one of the larger class-rooms.

The office, itself, is permeated with the atmosphere of show-business. Autographed photographs of top-hatted, white-tied members of the "profession" stare down from the walls. A utilitarian but ugly business calendar from *The Dancing Times* hangs crookedly on the door. This is where contracts are signed. This is where chorus-kids decide that the course of modern dancing they have been contemplating for months is essential if they are to get a job in the next American musical. This is where leggy showgirls pay their agency dues. This is the school for you if you want to dance with Trinder rather than Fonteyn.

Joan Davis started this particular school just about a year ago, although she had a theatrical school before the war. This one is more than a school, it has its own agency attached. Few beginners come here, this is the place where stage aspirants are polished for the ever-increasing demands of the modern musical and chorus-line.

Miss Davis, who frequently arranges dance-routines for shows and night-clubs both here and in Paris, places her dancers in the Palladium, Hippodrome, Prince of Wales, pantomime and the rest. The agency is part of the school, yet distinct from it. You can get on its books either by audition, or by passing through the classes.

The school's pupils are a floating population —girls just about to start a stage career, or girls already working who are keen to improve their technique. Principal boys from panto', music hall acts, all come to Miss Davis to have a "routine" (the sequence of steps and gestures that accompanies a song-number) fixed; kids auditioning for their first job go to get an audition act arranged.

The days are past when it merely necessary for a chorus-girl to give a bright smile to the right person and look decorative to get on the high road to the peerage. Today you have got to be good and proficient to have a chance in this branch of dancing, as competitive as any. Technique, and consequently teaching, is of the utmost importance.

At this school classes are given in classical ballet, American modern dance, tap and Spanish. The ballet classes are given by Anne Negus, an experienced teacher and until very recently a popular soloist with Sadler's Wells. George Erskine-Jones, from the Holm, Graham and Weidman Schools, is one of the very few men in the country qualified to teach American modern dance. Tap is taught by Joe Latona; Spanish and South American dancing is in the hands of Miss Davis' partner, Diana Rivas.

It seems strange that this country, supposedly so conscious of the dance as an art-form, has so far failed to produce popular dance-stars of the quality of Astaire, Rogers, Bolger, Kelly and Vera-Ellen. Possibly this is the school, that will one day supply them.

Approach to dancing

by JOHN GREGORY

This is the second of a series of monthly articles in which John Gregory, Director of the School of Russian Ballet, will take the reader through all stages in the development of a dancer. The first article dealt with the right age for a dancer to start training, now the question of suitability in the aspiring dancer, is discussed.

2: SUITABILTY

LET us consider first the dancer's anatomy.

If we examine the personal characteristics of the great Russian ballerinas of the past era, we will find that they are invariably cast in a small mould, petite, and compact. The average height would be between 5 feet 2 inches and 5 feet 3 inches. Audiences are often surprised when they see a dancer off stage, to find that the dancer is much smaller than the majestic personage who has been performing before them on the stage. It should be remembered that when the ballerina steps from flat-foot on to her *pointes*, she adds 4 or 5 inches to her height.

The ideal height for the male dancer is 5 feet 7 inches or 5 feet 8 inches, but it is better for him to be taller rather than shorter, so that in *pas-de-deux* he may top the ballerina, whom he supports and frames.

Why is the ideal height for classical dancers below the average height of the English and European peoples? Because when small and compact, the structure of the human body lends itself to a more centralized control. Long tapering bodies require longer lines of communication, more expansion, and consequently more expenditure of effort. The small dancer has the natural facility for quick *allegro* movements, and will more easily acquire a brilliant technique.

As opposed to this, the taller dancer up to say 5 feet 7 inches may express more lyrical qualities and beauty of line. Girls over 5 feet 7 inches are too tall for the ballet, though in some cases, where they have exceptional abilities, special roles may sometimes be found for them.

The height of male dancers may be as great as 6 feet but it will be found that most renowned male dancers have been of small or medium stature.

The ideal average weight of the female dancer would be between 7 and 8 stone ; dancers over 9 stone would be too heavy for their male partners to lift with ease and dignity.

Artistry overcomes imperfection

The aesthetic figure of the female dancer calls for slender lines, long legs, well-arched insteps, soft plastic arms, straight back, long neck, etc. but few of the great ballerinas were endowed with perfect figures; or possessed the ideal anatomical attributes; aspiring dancers need not be disheartened because they do not measure up to ideal specification. It should be borne in mind that the great artist is the dancer who over-comes natures imperfections. Small physical blemishes may often be irradicated by scientific training; and even malformations may be corrected by remedial or body-conditioning classes.

The most important aspects of anatomy in the female dancer are lightness of bone-structure, muscular flexibility and strong feet and back. The female must be graceful and elegant, and capable of soft, liquid movement. A person who is anatomically gawky, clumsy and awkward should resist the temptation to take up dancing as a profession. Natural grace is really the first essential ingredient of the dancers stock in trade; the rest, the technical appurtenances, elevation, feats of dexterity, can be acquired in the class-room. Where natural grace does not exist, it can seldom be cultivated, except in the very young.

The requisites of a male dancer call for a lithe and supple body, and a strong manly physique. It is advantageous for the male dancer to be something of an athlete, not like a pugilist or footballer, but an agile and well-developed figure of a man, possessing poise and dignity. There is a great opening for talented male dancers, and it is a pity that more parents cannot be persuaded to allow their sons to take up this much despised profession. It is to be hoped that before long England will produce really accomplished dancers who will eradicate the poor impression of male dancing that, at present, prevails.

Dance training can heal

Strength and stamina are necessary for this strenuous life; but the schooling of dancers is devised to build these requisites, and it has often been the case that weak or delicate children who were put to dancing for health reasons, eventually overcame their ailments and developed into fully-fledged dancers.

It's more important for aspiring dancers to have alert and agile brains. They have to learn to impose their wills upon their body's obstinacies; to assimilate the principles and mechanics of a most complicated system of human movement; they must be able to pick up steps and combinations with speed and accuracy, and retain them; they must be able to hear music, and feel the pulse of a rhythm. They have to learn to project emotions.

A sense of mimicry is valuable and will assist the student not only later in his stage career where he maybe called upon to characterize a host of parts but in learning and assimilating the substance and style of classical dance which is largely taught by demonstration.

Personality essential

Personality is another essential adjunct to the dancers make-up. The dancer is essentially an extrovert, vital and forthcoming. The dancer must be able to make himself felt; he must be able to exude his presence. A timid introspective dreamer will be hard put to it to express himself in dance, whereas an exuberant, temperamental person, highly-strung and emotionally pliable is much more likely material.

The characteristic reserve of our race has been a great barrier to the cultivation of expressive dance talent in this country. Often the teacher with much patience has to dig deep below the surface of the individual to unearth and release the deeper springs of emotion which without great effort will not be brought into play.

English dancers too reserved

I consider English dancers as talented as any Europeans but because of that characteristic reserve the problem of developing the talent is more difficult, and unless greatly encouraged it is seldom discovered.

I believe that above everything the would-be dancer must have a deep, heart-felt love of dance to attempt to become a dancer and to succeed in any measure the aspirant must be obsessed with the desire to be a participant. In other words the aspirant must have a vocation.

If the heart and mind be determined and set upon the course with steadfast endeavour in a good school, there are no obstacles that cannot be eventually overcome by the normal healthy participant, stiff bodies will unbend, physical blemishes and muscular excrescences will disappear, the facility of dance will grow, and with it the vital and passionate spirit of the dancer.

Deryck Lynham

We deeply regret to announce the death of Deryck Lynham, in Lausanne, at the age of 38.

He will be remembered by all those connected with ballet in England. Closely associated with the London Ballet Guild during the dark days of the war and later with the Archives of the Dance, he also wrote several important books on the art. The best known are *Ballet Then and Now* and *The Chevalier Noverre, Father of Modern Ballet*. With Sylvia Green he co-operated in a series of books entitled *Tales from the Ballet* which were designed for children. At one time ballet critic on the *Daily Graphic*, he also contributed to various dance magazines.

His activities in the ballet world were rather curtailed owing to the fact that he was a director of The International Chemical Company. As representative for Europe, North Africa and the Middle East, he opened, in the past few years, an office in Lausanne where he resided.

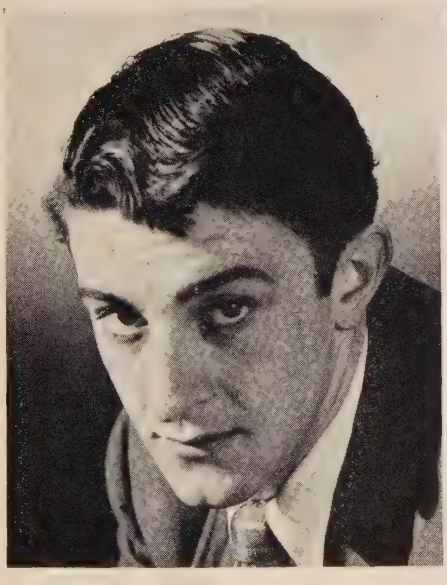
We know that readers will join us in extending sympathy to his wife, who closely collaborated in his literary work, and to his 13 year old son, Richard.

Dancers you will know by CLIVE BARNES

Continuing our series of dancers who are known to you but whom we feel you will soon know far better, we again chose two young male soloists from the Sadler's Wells Ballet. The male dancer has been neglected in this country but the recent seasons at Covent Garden have shown that he is taking on increased importance. This series does not replace our feature *Dancers you should know* which will be continued next month.

KENNETH MACMILLAN

Born in Scotland; scholarship to Sadler's Wells School; joined Theatre Ballet on formation. Neither created nor danced leading roles until he was about to leave the company in 1948, *then danced most of the classical leads and* Les Rendezvous. *End of* 1948 *went to Covent Garden; first main role* Florestan—pas de trois. 1950, *created part in* Ballabile *and pas de trois in* Ballet Imperial; *danced* (*Helpmann*) *Ugly Sister in* Cinderella. 1951, *danced* Lac—pas de trois *and* Giselle—pas de deux.



Kenneth Macmillan (*Photo: Paul Wilson*)

EXCELLENT all-round technique, remarkable elevation, good partner. He must guard against untidiness, especially his slight tendency to go out of the vertical in *tours*. He has a wide range and is as equally at home in the Foxtrot in *Facade* as in a classical pas de deux. He is a very easy, fluent dancer (e.g. *Ballabile*) and a gifted comedy mime (e.g. *Cinderella*). He is a dancer who seems considerably better in leading than in supporting roles; being the focus of the audience's attention appears to bring out that extra bit of personality, which combined with his fluent dancing could make him a leading dancer in any company. After giving a very fine performance of *Les Rendezvous*, no part since has really demanded his best. When one does everyone will be surprised.

PHILIP CHATFIELD

Trained at Sadler's Wells School; first joined company in 1943. *In Forces* 1944-6; *on release walked on for Ballet Theatre at Covent Garden; re-joined Sadler's Wells later same year. Gave a few performances of* Lac—pas de trois *in* 1947; *same year danced "Shaw" part in* Symphonic Variations *on continental tour.* 1948, *created part in* Scenes de Ballet *and danced* Florestan—pas de trois. 1950, *created leading role in* Ballabile *and danced pas de trois in* Ballet Imperial. 1951, *danced First Red Knight in* Checkmate *and Dorkon in* Daphnis and Chloe.

GOOD all-round technique, outstanding pirouettes, one of the best and most stylish partners in the company. At one time very colourless, this season he has started to give some fine, well-considered dramatic performances. His Red Knight combines the joyousness of Turner in the Mazurka, with the malevolence of Field in the Duel; his Dorkon is conceived as a clumsy oaf, a performance completely different from, yet hardly less effective than that of the role's creator. Dances very well in *Ballet Imperial*, and has an abundance of flourish in everything. As long as the flourish is kept within reasonable bounds, and he always tries as hard as he has this year, he should reach the top.

Philip Chatfield (*Photo: Maurice Seymour*)

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Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE winter season opened on November 21 with *Ballabile, Les Patineurs* and *Don Quixote*. The latter had not been seen in London since the last American tour.

On December 12, Massine's new ballet *Donald of the Burthens* has its first performance. The music is by Ian Whyte who has conducted the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra. The settings and costumes are by Macbride and Colquhoun. Alexander Grant will play the title role of the poor boy who carries burdens (hence the title) and meets Death in the form of Beryl Grey. He is allowed fame providing he does not cheat death. As a doctor he makes many cures and eventually cheats death in curing a King. However, he manages to avoid the issue but death gets him when he is teaching some children to say their prayers. Many Scottish dances and reels are incorporated in the choreography.

In the early months of 1952, John Cranko will create his first work for the company with a score by Arthur Oldham who will be remembered for his music for Andrée Howard's *Sailor's Return* with the Rambert Ballet. Andrée Howard also is working on a new ballet which may possibly have a Witch theme.

Sophie Fedorovitch and John Piper are to be artistic advisers to the company.

NEW NAMES EMERGE

IN some ways the Wells are a strange, unpredictable company. Recently they had a two-week's season at the Davis Theatre, Croydon. To judge by reports they had been more or less decimated by illness, and I went to see them more in fear than hope. The company perversely appear to be dancing better than during the season at the Garden which immediately preceded the Croydon visit. It must be admitted that I saw few programmes, but those I saw, I enjoyed.

The new cast for *Symphonic Variations*, which was tried out in Edinburgh, was on display. Elvin was not yet quite at home in the Fonteyn role. She gave a good performance and when she has danced it about another dozen times she might be electrifying. She needed a little more crispness of execution. Clayden (earlier mis-cast as the bawdy Dancer in *Rake's Progress*) and Nerina were satisfactory as the other two girls. Hart and Shaw were both dancing better than of late. Shaw also gave a very fine performance in *Les Patineurs*.

Recently, I have found his work a little disappointing. Now he has lost in weight and gained in brilliance.

Kenneth Melville gave one performance of the Premier Danseur role in *Ballet Imperial*. Although a little diffident at first, he danced and partnered splendidly. The graceful, noble bearing and the whole mood of the ballet seem completely natural to him. This was a debut even more distinguished than his Albrecht, but he must guard against over-exaggerated hand gestures and should also brush up his technique. Farron makes an excellent Ballerina in this work. The first variation, which gave her some trouble at Covent Garden, she has now conquered. The simple dignity and gaiety of her performance are most touching. William Barrett joined Ashbridge and Lindsey in the *pas de trois*. He danced with ease and fluency. A dancer with a pleasant stage-personality, his work is slightly marred by imperfectly pointed toes and a certain lack of elevation. These faults eradicated he would be a useful soloist. Barrett has also been leading the *corps* in *Patineurs*.

Clive Barnes

IN DEFENCE OF JOB

THE recent revival of *Job* at Covent Garden makes one wonder why this masterpiece is allowed to lie fallow for such long intervals. It is supposedly not "popular", but just now when a good many brickbats are being hurled at Covent Garden on one count or another, it might be a good idea to give this, de Valois' most inspired work, a more prolonged airing, and thereby the chance to disprove the supposition.

"Popular" or not, when I saw *Job* at the end of July the audience seemed completely spellbound and even refrained from applause between the scenes, as though it were a *Parsifal*. I do not say it is the greatest English work created for the ballet stage, though it has been rightly judged the first great English work, but I do say that beside it many expensive modern productions look bitty and pretentious.

Job moves slowly and throughout has great dignity of movement. There is time to admire the noble groupings and general plasticity of the action, while the sober truth sinks in. Every detail of mime and movement stands out in clear relief, and one can think of nothing one would wish altered.

While for many, no doubt, *Job* may be a spiritual experience, it is as a work of art that it claims attention, and as such I feel it could make a deep impression on a complete agnostic. Certainly its atmosphere tends to envelop one in a sort of spiritual blanket, but it has much more art and much less "message" than, say, Vaughan Williams's opera *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which gave the impression of being directly evangelist.

From beginning to end one senses that the forces of evil will not finally triumph, just as, in *Petrouchka* one senses that the clown's soul will survive his sawdust body. What de Valois owes to Blake's Vision of the Book of Job is another matter, but in this "masque for dancing" one sees what is all too rare—a perfectly integrated work, movement, music and setting perfectly blended.

The ballet's sombre theme is impregnated with beauty—beauty in the static poses of Job and his wife stricken by calamity after calamity; in the graceful draperies that make one think an ancient frieze has come to life; in the hopeful spirit of Elihu's dance; and above all in Satan's magnificent solo, and his ignominious descent from the throne, driven down by the Sons of the Morning.

Satan, created by Dolin, has been danced notably by Helpmann and also Turner, but John Hart, the most recent portrayer of the role, has the essential expression of it well within his grasp. He has less personal dynamism than Helpmann, but he by no means underplays the part. At the same time his forcefulness is judiciously controlled and as "right" in its context as is Rassine's Elihu, which evokes youth and grace and above all hope. The harmony of the whole is undisturbed by these contrasts, the balance admirably kept.

Phyllis Jackson

DANZAS LATINO-AMERICA

AFTER a long and successful season in Paris, Joaquin Perez Fernandez brought his brilliant (quoted from the programme cover) Danzas Latino-America to the Adelphi, London on October 17.

Little is known in this country of the songs and dances of South America apart from the music popularised by dance bands. Therefore one has no standards by which to judge this form of entertainment. As it was, it seemed to fall between the revue scena and a serious display of folk art without the punch of the former or authenticity of the latter. Every number followed the same pattern—starting off with slow dreamy songs then somebody would shout something in a language we could not understand and the whole thing hotted-up. Nor was there anyone with enough personality to carry the show though Fernandez himself is obviously sincere in all he does.

The main interest lay in the music which was fascinating in every number. One felt that if only there could have been more imaginative production the material would have made one of the most exciting theatrical spectacles we have seen for years.

Little Dances of the Land which contained songs and dances of the Coya Indians from North Argentina was outstanding, specially where all the dancers were joined together in a chain somewhat similar to the fairy tale *Little Johnny in Top-Boots* from central Europe. It was also possible to see again the amusing dance for the little old men of the Tarazca Indians from Mexico which was first given here by the Teresa and Luisillo company. The *Malambo*, a sort of Argentianian *zapateado*, for the boys in the company was also exciting. These and several other numbers were most effective and it was a pity that it could not all have been turned into better theatre.

P. W.

Girls of Danzas Latino-America in the beautiful costumes from Panama in Imbrujo Panameno.

Rosario and Antonio on the roof of the Champs-Elysees Theatre. Their second visit to London (which opened on November 12) at the Cambridge Theatre, has been even more triumphant than their first. They finish on December 15. (*Photo : Lipnitzki*)

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BALLET WORKSHOP

AFTER closing for a summer recess, the Workshop opened again at the Mercury Theatre on October 14 with their Eighth Programme. It started with a revival of Franca's *Colloque Sentimentale*, and included three new ballets.

The first of these, *La Famille d'Arlequin*, had the basically good idea of building a ballet around Picasso Harlequins and Clowns. It could have been a charming notion, although I am a little weary of ballets inspired by paintings. However here, even though the designer, Iain Gordon, has had the refreshing frankness to describe his designs as "derived from Picasso", the derivation is not sufficiently marked to strike the eye, and consequently the ballet rather loses its point. The choreography, by Robert Stevenson, was not well-enough danced to comment upon fairly, but at times it did not appear to bear the closest of relationships with the bright, but ill-chosen, Khachaturian music that accompanied the dancing.

The programme closed with a ballet by John Hall, entitled *Design for Dancing* to music by Meyerbeer. This was a slight work with one or two interesting ideas and a pleasing *pas de deux*, in basis a kind of flippant version of Lichine's *La Creation* about the trials of a choreographer. June Leighton danced well, but the ballet was not greatly assisted by the heavy-handed comedy mime of its choreographer.

By far the most interesting work was a ballet, conceived in the modern dance tradition, by Michael Charnley. Charnley, a war-time member of the Wells and more recently with Ballets Jooss, has been studying modern dance in America. His ballet *No Lips of Comfort* was based on Rupert Brooke's poem and set to a Granados *Goyesca, The Lover and the Nightingale*. The poem was recited by a narrator and certainly the fusion of speech, movement and music was more satisfactory here than is usual in these ventures. Sensibly the narrator was made part of the ballet. The Spanish music was echoed in the Spanish flavour given to the costumes and choreography. The poem, of a lost love, did not obtrude, but nor did it add much to the ballet's effect. Charnley seems an intense dancer with a clean finish to his movements, personality and a power of projection. The dance-vocabulary he used was suitable but limited. On this very restricted showing he appears to be a dancer of some importance. It is with discoveries like this that Ballet Workshop justifies its existence.

C.B.

PEARL PRIMUS

FOR many years we have heard, in this country, of Pearl Primus. As one of the leaders of the American Modern Dance movement, she has had the additional advantage of having studied native dances in Africa.

With a small company she opened at Princes Theatre on October 31. Most of her dances were the result of her African journey and were, on the whole, rather monotonous. She obviously has boundless energy but as most of the dances consisted of her waggling her extremities it was not easy to see the fine qualities she obviously has. It was only in the concluding *American Suite* that it was possible to see the elevation and energy for which she is famous.

A dance, inspired by puberty rites in Central Africa, about an Initiate overcoming three fears was effective but would have gained with more production. The drummer, Moses Miann, was one of the best we have heard of those who beat out intricate primitive rhythms.

The fact that they are given in a theatre immediately alters the whole nature of dances of this kind. The repetition of steps performed by hundreds of dancers in a tropical night can produce a remarkable effect. These same steps, given by a handful of dancers in a London theatre on a damp evening, lose everything in transit. Therefore it is only by presenting them in the manner of Katherine Dunham—by using all the artifice of the theatre—that it is possible for their full effectiveness to be realised. It is no more against the high austerities of art to present them in such a way than it is to take them out of the alfresco setting in which they were originally developed.

P. W.

MRINALINI SARABHAI

THE second London season given by Sarabhai and her company opened at the Cambridge Theatre on October 29. During the fortnight's season, two programmes were given. The first consisting of works entirely new to London.

Sarabhai herself is a very beautiful dancer and her company of both dancers and musicians has probably greater quality than any seen here in recent years. In many ways it can be compared to the company of the Spanish dancer Pilar Lopez which was previously at the same theatre. Everything is in quiet good taste, which perhaps was slightly overdone in the first programme as it never reached any particular heights. It was a change to have two long works with only four or five shorter numbers instead of the usual evening of five or six minute dances.

Chatunni Panicker and Mrinalini Sarabhai in the third scene from Matsya Kanya. *The Prince and the Fish Princess dance under the water.* (*Photo: Paul Wilson*)

Sarabhai took us to a world of fantasy which seemed as though Mogul paintings and the ancient sculptures had come to life—beautiful nymphs captivated demon brothers, Princes sported and played with fish-maidens, and the Lord Shiva danced. The costumes were exquisite.

The principal male dancer, Chatunni Panicker, has a beautifully controlled virility and a most expressive body. In *Manushya*, a *Kathakali* Dance drama about the full circle of man's life from birth to re-birth, it was quite remarkable how with an economy of gesture he managed to imply the various stages of development—from childhood, through adolescent love, to maturity. This whole ballet was most moving and gave a remarkable feeling of the eternity of life.

Sarabhai is a dancer that grows on you the more you see her. She too has an expressive body and her face conveys, in a quiet way, more emotion than we are accustomed to find in a dancer of her type. Particularly fine were danced poems of, and in praise of, Shiva. His apparent immobility was so much more telling in its deep devotion than all the bowing and scraping that is supposed to have the same meaning in the West.

P. W.

AGNA ENTERS

IT is conceivable that a short course under the tutelage of Miss Enters could equip the amateur actor to deal with those awkward moments when called upon to occupy a stage for a short period alone, but if the recital witnessed at The Mercury Theatre is any evidence, it is certain that nothing would be learned, more than the average rep actor would throw away. Unless the most obscure character dancer were able to convey all the emotions expressed by Miss Enters in addition to technical achievement, he would be of little use to anyone.

For her first item, Miss Enters registered some thirty or so elementary expressions, listed in the programme as, joy, sadness, recognition, terror, etc. As the entire scene lasted just over two minutes, the fleeting nature of the impressions, the press of one upon the other, and the bewilderment of the observer may be imagined. *Piquenique*, which followed showed us Miss Enters upon the bank of a stream after lunch, being bored, not reading, not fishing, not sketching, dabbling her toes in the water, and finally flinging herself hungrily upon the imaginary lover who had refrained from flinging himself upon her.

Narcissism (A and B) appeared to be mildly humorous, up to the point where the character portrayed actually seized the full length mirror containing her reflection, in a passionate embrace. Thereafter it was doubtful whether the item was meant to be mildly humorous.

Queen of Heaven provided a picturesque opening pose in a costume described as French Gothic which was very effective before Miss Enters performed certain passes with a red rose which appeared to be natally symbolic. *Dilly Dally* was sub-titled *Ah Sweet mystery of Life, Etcetera*, and was performed in a costume consisting of a striped Bill Sykes jersey, a green tutu and a pair of black slacks. At one point Miss Enters sat in a dustbin.

It is to be hoped that those who remained after the interval enjoyed the rest of the programme as much as certain of them seemed to enjoy the first part, but at this point the writer departed, wondering just how many times in her career, others had sought to enliven notices of Miss Enters' show with play on that tantalising word, "Exit".

J. H.

DANCERS FROM VIENNA

EVELYN IPPEN and Bettina Vernon, who for some time have successfully been presenting their dance duets in various parts of the country, have just concluded a tour in association with the Arts Council. They have recently been seen in many Scottish towns, and in Newport and Congleton. On December 4 they will be at Southampton Guildhall for the Southampton Ballet Club, in association with the Arts Council, and on December 5 at the Swansea Music Club, again with Arts Council support.

Where are they now?

NAME	*PREVIOUSLY WITH*	*HAS JOINED*
POUL GNATT	Danish Royal Ballet	Original Ballet Russe
FRANK STAFF	Empire Ballet	Champs-Elysees
OLEG BRIANSKY	Ballet de Paris	Festival Ballet
ERIK BRUHN	Royal Danish Ballet	Ballet Theatre
CONSTANCE BAKER	De Cuevas Company	N. Y. City Ballet.
ALAN BAKER	*Oklahoma*	N. Y. City Ballet
MALCOLM GODDARD	Festival Ballet	*Peep Show*
GILLIAN LYNNE	Sadler's Wells Ballet	*Peep Show*
VICTOR DUNTIERE	Champs-Elysees	*Nouvelle Eve*, Paris
GRACE GREENWAY	International	Empire Ballet
JOHN MARSHALL	International	" "
PAT WOODWARD	*Brigadoon*	" "
PAULINE WHITE	*Brigadoon*	" "
JOY CARTER	*Brigadoon*	" "
ANDRE CORDOVA	Anglo-Polish	" "
DEREK WESTLAKE	Rambert Ballet	" "
PEARL GADEN	Rambert Ballet	" "
ALEX BENNETT	Rambert School	Rambert Ballet
BELINDA WRIGHT	Ballet de Paris	Festival Ballet
FREDERIC FRANKLIN	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Ballet Variante

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

CANADA

Joy Camden, who used to be with Ambassador Ballet, is now in Winnipeg. She writes about the increasing interest in ballet in Canada.

I CAME to Canada just twelve months ago as guest teacher and choreographer to the LeDuc School of Ballet in Ottawa to which the Ottawa Ballet Company is attached and was immediately very impressed by the interest and ambition of Canadian dancers and a visit to the 3rd Canadian Ballet Festival in Montreal showed me how much ballet had developed from coast to coast in the last few years.

There were fifteen companies last year, from Toronto—Montreal—Vancouver—Victoria and Ottawa in addition to the only professional company—the Winnipeg—whose directors Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Hey-Farrally came from England in 1938. It is to these two together with David Yeddeau, a Canadian, their stage director and business manager that ballet in Canada owes so much as it was their idea that there should be an annual ballet festival and it was here in Winnipeg that the first one was organized in 1948.

Three Companies appeared at this festival—The Winnipeg—The Volkoff, directed by Boris Volkoff, whose Company is a year older than the Winnipeg and whose studio is in Toronto, where I believe he has been for nearly 20 years, and has certainly contributed a great deal to ballet in the East. The Ruth Sorel Company was the third, Miss Sorel having come to Canada about 5 years ago. She is of the Modern German School and is in Montreal.

ONLY COMPANY ON PROFESSIONAL BASIS

But it is only the Winnipeg Company who has reached the ideal of being on a professional basis, thus enabling their dancers to devote their entire time to their chosen art instead of working all day in shops and offices and having to cram both class and rehearsal into their evenings as is still the case in other parts of Canada.

There is now the National Ballet Guild being formed in Toronto under the direction of Celia Franca. I did see one of its preliminary performances in Montreal in August before I came West, but it would not be fair to judge them whilst only in the formative stages, the performances having been given before all the dancers had been engaged. They opened officially on November 13th in Toronto.

One of the ballets seen by Princess Elizabeth on her recent tour of Canada. Visages *given by the Winnipeg Ballet. Arnold Spohr is seen centre.* (*Photo : Phillips-Gutkin*)

The Winnipeg Ballet first appeared in 1939 in two small ballets, its first major performance being in 1940. For the next few years they contented themselves with four performances a year in Winnipeg, but in 1945 they went East, then West, and East again on big tours, no mean task with distances ranging from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. In 1949 they were incorporated into a Company with a Board of Directors. 1950 saw the dancers on a professional basis but as yet their salaries had to be augmented by teaching or part-time jobs. It was only this year that it was possible to give them a full salary and engage dancers from other cities. There are now in addition to seven from Winnipeg, seven from British Columbia, one from Alberta, and two from Ottawa making the permanent strength of the Company twelve girls and five boys but there are several more dancers, as yet students, in the school who can be called upon for performances at home in Winnipeg.

It should be added at this point that many dancers trained in the School and who were members of the Company are now in Europe, including Paddy Stone who will be remembered as principal dancer in *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Brigadoon*. John Waks who is with Markova and Dolin in the Festival Ballet. Tony Mattiuz who had a Scholarship to the Wells and appeared in *Orlando and the Marmalade Cat* during the Festival. David Adams who was with the Metropolitan Ballet and is now working with Miss Franca; and Carlu Carter who is at present back in North America touring with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Lilian Lewis, one of the principal dancers spent two years in England where she was with Alan Carter in the St. James Ballet and studied with Vera Volkova. She returned to the Winnipeg Company last year.

Miss Lloyd has been responsible for 32 ballets of the company's repertoire, but for those of us who are interested in the future, they have raised a second generation of choreographers in David Adams and in Arnold Spohr, whose first work *Ballet Premier* was so highly commended

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by Ninette de Valois when she visited Winnipeg with the Sadler's Wells Company early this year. Adams and Spohr together with Kay Armstrong of Vancouver are the first purely Canadian choreographers.

Miss Lloyd has used Canadian composers, artists and designers and has tried to build as much as possible on the idea that the Company should give opportunity to Canadian artists in each branch of the theatre arts, at the same time maintaining the well tried traditions of the European Theatre from whence her original inspiration was drawn—not to reproduce that which has already been superlatively done in the past but to create something which is new and will grow with this young country with a wonderful future.

The Company appears to have spontaneity and vitality doubtless due firstly to the untiring efforts of it's Ballet Mistress, Betty Farrally, but also to the atmosphere and pioneer spirit still apparent in Western Canada.

HONOURED BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH

It therefore seems particularly fitting that it was this Company whose 13 years hard work and determination has resulted in such a high artistic standard that the honour was given of being commanded to dance for Their Royal Highnesses, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when they visited Winnipeg on October 16th, 1951.

Three of Miss Lloyd's ballets were presented. *The Wise Virgins* to the Walton arrangement of Bach's music. Based on the Greek Dance it is one of the most beautiful ballets I have ever seen and the roles of the spiritual apotheoses being interpreted with great feeling by Eva Genscy and Arnold Spohr. Miss Genscy is a new Canadian and was previously a soloist in the Opera at Salzburg.

Visages, with music by Walter Kauffman, conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, and principal parts danced by Lilian Lewis and Arnold Spohr, both of whom gave a very dramatic performance as a girl and boy separated by the dissonant emotions of Indecision, Jealousy, Lust, Fear and Greed. Mutually exhausted, they return to the sanctuary of each others arms.

Finishing School wound up the programme to the music of Strauss.The Company was lead by Viola Busday of Winnipeg as the mischievous new girl who disrupts the whole school, and by Bill McGrath of Victoria as the dancing master.

Arnold Sphor's *Ballet Premier* was also presented and with *Visages* were the only two ballets for which their Royal Highnesses could be present. It was well danced with Jean Stoneham in the leading role partnered by Mr. Spohr himself. Miss Stoneham who was the ballerina of the Ottawa Ballet Company has only just joined the Winnipeg Company and I think she has a great future ahead of her.

Clubs

WIMBLEDON

Wimbledon Ballet Club. Sec: Geoffrey Lance, 15 Edge Hill Court, S.W.19.

AT Wimbledon Town Hall on Tuesday, October 2, the Wimbledon Ballet Club sponsored a performance of *Ballets Lyriques*, in aid of the Mayor of Wimbledon's United Appeal for the Blind. The performance was under the artistic direction of Letty Littlewood, and the dancers were drawn chiefly from her School of Dancing. In common with most, if not all, student displays, many of the items presented were possibly of more interest to the relations of the participants than to a disinterested observer, but few can fail to succumb to the unaffected charm of very young children dancing. These children, few of whom could have been more than seven, danced Miss Littlewood's choreography most prettily, and looked pertly engaging in their miniature *tutus*. The programme was given more weight by a number of guest artists. Raymond Farrell made an interesting Harlequin in excerpts from Fokine's *Carnaval*, and Audrey Kraft well partnered by Paul Mansel gave a presentable performance in *The Nutcracker—Grand Pas de Deux*.

A. C.

BELFAST

Belfast Ballet Club.

THE first general meeting of the new session was at a film show in September, at which there was a programme of British, Russian and Indian films. The selection was both varied and interesting.

During her visit to Belfast, Madame Rambert very kindly gave a most interesting and lively account of the history of her company.

On November 12 members took part in a lecture demonstration on stage make-up, and a Christmas party was planned, which will take place on December 17.

An intensive advertising campaign, during the Rambert Ballet season, brought in quite a few new members, but the club still requires more members, especially non-dancers.

LEEDS

Leeds University Union Ballet Club. Business Manager: Michael Sunderland, Students' Union, University Road, Leeds 2.

THE club was started two years ago and the primary aim is to produce original ballets. The difficulty has been that few of the members have danced before, and it has been an uphill task. Various teachers have given their assistance, especially Miss Hettie Loman (now with British Dance Theatre in London) when she was with the Art of Movement Studio in Manchester.

Three short ballets have been produced, and film shows and talks have been arranged. On October 12, there was a demonstration by Sigurd Leeder and his pupils, with a lecture on The Modern Dance by Mr. Leeder.

The Club is particularly fortunate in having the use of the well equipped Riley Smith Theatre.

MANCHESTER

Ballet Guild. Sec: Miss J. V. Whittaker, 122 Church Street, West Radcliffe, Manchester.

AN Evening of Ballet, was given at the Ambulance Drill Hall, Mellor Street for three performances on November 6, 7, and 10.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Ballet Club. Sec: Miss W. Patterson, Benwell Grange, Newcastle, 5.

ON Sunday, September 23, Mr. Tom Rutherford, a well known local journalist and member of The People's Theatre gave an interesting talk on Drama, and spoke at length on the links between ballet and drama. He discussed questions of production and the different standards of training of amateurs in ballet compared to drama.

On Sunday, October 7, Margot Hastings and Peggy Chaytor organised a demonstration of the teaching of modern dance and classical ballet to children from a local council school. This was an occasion of great interest, and the children were allowed to express themselves in modern dance sequences, in a manner which produced many varied results, but seemed to indicate the usefulness of education in dancing for the young child.

On November 7, the public performance was given at The Gateshead Little Theatre and on Sunday November 18 there was a discussion about this open to members. A party took place on December 5 at Kinnaird Hall. Details can be obtained from the Secretary.

SUNDERLAND

Sunderland Theatre Ballet Group. Sec: Miss Elsie White, 19 Netherburn Road, Sunderland.

SUNDERLAND has at last joined the ever-growing list of towns with active ballet clubs. Two shows have already been given and the second programme at The Y.M.C.A. Little Theatre, showed a very wide scope.

It included a ballet based on the Dagas painting *Le Foyer de la danse a l'Opera;* a two act ballet with an Eastern story; ballets arranged to *Clair de Lune, Rhapsody in Blue*, and a group of Strauss waltzes.

Members are very proud of a three act ballet written by two of the junior members aged only 12 years in which all the parts are danced by juniors aged between 7 and 14 years.

In addition to all these several divertissements are also being arranged for presentation.

The club is short of male dancers as two of the male members have now joined the Ballet Russe. Encouragement is being given to members to write and arrange ballets themselves, but in these early stages much valuable work and guidance is being given by the President Miss M. L. Fearn.

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28 *Les Sylphides, Don Quixote, Daphnis and Chloe.*
30 *Ballet Imperial, Giselle* (Grey, Jackson, Field, Elvin, Somes, Nerina, Shaw)

December
3 *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Nerina, Jackson, Shaw, Elvin, Rassine, Grey, Macmillan)
6 *Ballabile, Symphonic Variations, Don Quixote*
7 *Coppelia* (May, Hart, Grey, Jackson)
8 (M) *Coppelia* (Nerina, Vernon, Jackson, Lindsay)
12 *Les Sylphides* preceding the WORLD PREMIERE OF Leonide Massine's new ballet *Donald of the Burthens;* and *Daphnis and Chloe.* (Heaton, Melville, Grey, Grant, Elvin, Somes, Clayden)
13 *Les Patineurs, Donald of the Burthens, Ballet Imperial*
15 (M) *Les Sylphides, Donald of the Burthens, Symphonic Variations*
19 *Ballabile, Donald of the Burthens, Don Quixote*

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET IN CANADA AND AMERICA

December
8 War Memorial Opera House, San Francisco (5 days)
14 Civic Auditorium, Berkeley, Calif. (1 day)
15 Memorial Auditorium, Fresno, Calif. (1 day)
16 Harvey Auditorium, Bakersfield, Calif. (1 day)
Christmas Day December 25 Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles (8 days)

January
2 Civic Auditorium, Pasadena, Calif. (1 day)
3 Return to Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles (3 days)
7 Municipal Auditorium, San Antonio, Texas (2 days)
9 City Auditorium, Houston, Texas (2 days)
11 Fair Park Auditorium, Dallas, Texas (3 days)

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

December
3 Hippodrome, Golders Green (two weeks)
24 Trocadero, Elephant and Castle (two weeks)
January
7 Empire Theatre, Cardiff (two weeks)

FESTIVAL BALLET

December
3 Theatre Royal, Nottingham.
25 Theatre de Monte-Carlo (five weeks)

ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE

November
25 Empire, Newcastle.
December
3 King's Theatre, Glasgow (two weeks)
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14 Opera House, Scarborough.

CONTINENTAL BALLET

December
3 Pier Pavilion, Worthing.
10 Hippodrome Theatre, Ipswich.
23 Corporation Theatre, Scarborough.

BALLET WORKSHOP at The Mercury

During December there will be only two performances at The Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate on December 9 and 16.

ROSARIO and ANTONIO

At the Cambridge Theatre until December 15.

UDAY SHANKAR

At Princes Theatre with his Hindu Ballet from December 3 for fifteen performances.

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; l.s.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.)

KARIN KROOSE, P.O. Box 2775, Cape Town, wants b.c., m. or f. over 19, in England, U.S.A., Australia. m.a. 20, o.i. painting, swimming, p.r.

TERRY ELLIS, P.O. Box, 2032, Durban, Natal, South Africa, wants b.c. (other male dancer preferred) m.a. 22 o.i. general, art specially, p.r.

MARGARET ASHFORD, 37, The Avenue, Brondesbury Park, London, N.W.6., wants b.c., f. age 14-17, in England, S. Africa, U.S.A., m.a. 15. o.i. music, books, animals, p.r.

JANIS STOVER, 5530, Morgan Street, Seattle, 8, Wash., U.S.A., wants b.c., m. or f. age 14 to 18, anywhere. o.i. classical music, Spanish dance, swimming, ice-skating, stamps, books. Ls. English, beginning French.

MARGARET PERRY, 20, Birchlands Avenue, Balham, London, S.W.12., wants b.c. m. or f. age 14-16 in England, North or South America. m.a. 15, o.i. music, camping, p.r.

FREDERICK FOOTE, Flat 98, Elmhurst Crescent, East Finchley, London, N.2., wants b.c., m. age under 30, in London. m.a. 25, o.i. theatre, music, books, art.

BRENDA LANDBECK, 35, Grosvenor Gardens, Woodford Green, Essex, wants b.c. age 20-25, in Australia, Canada, U.S.A., England. m.a. 20. o.i. all kinds of dancing, theatre, tennis, squash.

NOEL McLAREN, 1, Regent House, 571 Pretorius Street, Pretoria, South Africa, wants b.c., m. age over 20, anywhere. m.a. 22. o.i. tennis, swimming, theatre, music, art, films, books, opera, dancing. Ls. English, p.r.

NEVILL, (Mr.), 29, Lower Brook Street, Ipswich, wants b.c. m. o.i. theatre, books, art, photography, swimming, costume, travel.

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